

Fall With You in Burning Darkness

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1105639) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1105639>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Jack Crawford , Jimmy Price , Brian Zeller , Beverly Katz , Original Character , Freddie Lounds
Additional Tags:	Empathy , Established Relationship , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Porn With Plot , Rimming , Masturbation , Daddy Kink , Daddy Issues , Anal Sex , Oral Sex , Mentions of Prostitution , Empathy Disorder , BDSM , Blood Kink , Blood Drinking , Knifeplay , Bottom Hannibal , Dirty Talk
Language:	English
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag , My Escapism List , Reread And Revisit
Stats:	Published: 2013-12-28 Completed: 2014-04-22 Words: 32,871 Chapters: 13/13

Fall With You in Burning Darkness

by [DarkDreamsOfHannigram](#)

Summary

Will and Hannibal find themselves investigating a case that is mistaken for the work of the Chesapeake Ripper.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Stealer

“Jack, this is not the Chesapeake Ripper. I don’t care what the news says. You should take the fact that I disagree with them as a confirmation that I’m right. I shouldn’t even have to tell you that.”

Jack Crawford frowned at Will Graham, who seemed as certain as he had ever been. He relented, nodding in frustrated agreement. This had been the second body mutilated and displayed in exactly the same way, and the Ripper rarely, if ever, killed the same way twice. Crawford was still overwhelmed with his need to catch the Ripper, but he wasn’t about to delude himself if the evidence simply wasn’t there.

“You’re absolutely sure, Will”?

“I don’t know what you want me to explain. The only things in common this killer has with the Ripper is surgical knowledge and taking something with him. The similarities end there. This one is angry. He hates these people; the Ripper is a dispassionate sadist. And this is the second victim found in the same manner of disgrace.”

“Disgrace?” asked Crawford.

“Yes. He wants everyone to know that this woman did not deserve her own heart.”

The first body had been found in Morgantown, West Virginia, which was over 200 miles from the Ripper’s known killing grounds. It had belonged to a 54-year-old City Council member who had made a very local fool of himself by cheating on his wife with his extremely pretty – and highly unqualified – 19-year-old secretary, in his employ for less than two weeks. They’d been discovered when his wife had them followed to a motel two towns over by a private investigator. She’d had the local paper, whose editor she was childhood friends with, splash the lurid photographs all over the front page. One week later, he’d turned up at an abandoned nursing home with his heart cut out. The jilted wife had been taken into custody as the primary suspect; now, Will thought, it would be pretty easy to exonerate her. This murder had the same M.O. and she couldn’t have committed it from her jail cell.

The news immediately jumped to the conclusion that, if it wasn’t the wife, it had to be the Chesapeake Ripper, due to the organ removal. Police had tipped off a local news reporter, and the story spread like wildfire before the BAU even got the chance to examine the crime scene. That seemed to happen a lot these days. Everyone knew each other in small towns. This victim couldn’t have been dead more than 8 hours.

The whole investigative team was at the scene, Crawford, Price, Zeller, Katz, and several other trainees and assistants. Will’s presence had been basically demanded by Jack because of the media’s linkage of this case to the Ripper, and if there was even the remotest of chances...but hope was immediately lost that there was any way that it was related. As a concession to Will’s discomfort with having to go to crime scenes and its growing negative influence on his mental stability – as well as the obvious fact that the perpetrator had considerable surgical knowledge – Crawford had asked Dr. Lecter to come along and consult.

It looked as if Lecter's expertise would be needed again, as this killer was sure to give a repeat performance.

Now, they were in an outpatient surgical clinic located in a remote strip mall in Greensburg, PA, outside of Pittsburgh. Still not the Ripper's locale. The body in front of him was strapped to a flimsy metal adjustable exam table with silver duct tape, same as the unfaithful Council Member. The contraption was some old sort of portable thing, perhaps used in disaster areas by the Red Cross, but clearly not in several decades. It was rusty and old. It was the kind of thing the killer might have gotten as surplus, and possibly traceable. Beverly Katz photographed it from many angles, to try and track it down later. They'd have to do the same in Morgantown, now that it looked like were clearly related.

The victim appeared to have been in her mid-twenties, with long dark hair, and very well-groomed. The nails that she hadn't broken off in the struggle were perfectly manicured. Will could smell some very expensive perfume mixed with the drying blood. The victim's eyes were open, her made-up face streaked with tears and running mascara.

"I'm fairly certain she was alive and conscious when he cut out her heart," Will said, his voice cracking.

It was evident that a rib spreader had been utilized, as they were pried open and cracked in several places. The device was no longer there, but it had been obviously used with more force than was necessary. The superior and inferior vena cava, aorta, arteries and veins of her heart were clamped off rather carelessly. A temporary measure. The cuts were neat and precise, and done with no regard for anything that could be preserved for transplant. This was not an organ removal done for a sale on the black market; it was taken as a trophy.

Will said blackly, "There's every chance that this isn't the second victim. He could've killed before the Morgantown case, and no one's found it yet. Depending upon how remote or abandoned a location he chose."

Crawford called over an FBI-jacket wearing young woman, and told her, "Get on to all local P.D. within 500 miles of here, and have them look at every disused or abandoned hospital, clinic, nursing home, dentist's office, anything." She scurried off.

Dr. Lecter had been watching only Will the entire time; he kept his attentive gaze on him, and asked, "Why does he choose these types of facilities?"

"Familiarity. He's used to working in medical settings, and it puts him at ease. It's where he wielded power all his life. And practicality, there's supplies, space...he doesn't need to bring everything with him. He scouts these out and makes sure they're still somewhat equipped."

"But then, why does he bring his own exam table?" asked Katz.

"He likes the visual presentation that the retro equipment affords."

Will closed his eyes, and the other investigators backed off and stopped what they were doing. They all knew the drill by now.

Hannibal regarded Will very carefully. He was fascinated with the empathic process, his identification with the motives of murderers. Something was different this time, though. The Doctor inclined his head, his pupils wide as he focused his attention like the edge of a knife on Will's perceptive capabilities. It was as if Will was oscillating between the anger of the killer and the infinite sadness of the one who had been killed.

The pendulum struck Will from his own reality, but this reconstruction was different. There was more inside his head than just the killer; somehow the victim was there too. It was as if the Stealer (for that's what he now thought of him as) was able to empathize with the person he was about to murder. The incongruity of this sharpened the experience for Will; he couldn't grasp how the perpetrator of this atrocity could understand the woman he killed, and yet still kill her. In fact, he did it because he could understand; he regarded her as undeserving of her life, of her major life-giving organ. Will had the horrific sense of the killer's thorough disgust for her perversion, as this is how he saw her, as perverted. She was an escort. At first, she'd just gotten involved in the practice to put herself through college. But the men started to fill a need for her that she'd long ignored; the need for an older man to take care of her. She'd been abandoned by her father as a young child, Will guessed around seven or eight years of age. College fell by the wayside as she got addicted to the attention from the men who would use her; she needed desperately to please them the only way she knew how. This was deeply emotionally painful to anyone with the capacity for sympathy, but the killer saw her as pathetic, filthy. An empath with no conscience was dangerous.

A large truck passed the building and its vibration shook the rickety metal exam chair. Just as Will was leaning over the body, feeling how the Stealer felt righteous ripping her heart from her chest, one of the clamps on the aorta slipped off. A great spray of blood doused him from the side of the neck to the upper chest; when he jumped back, it hit his legs. He stumbled back into a table full of scalpels in shock, sending them flying everywhere.

Price caught him, and both he and Beverly worked to try and clean off as much blood from his exposed skin as they could with the gauze pads and alcohol in the exam room. None appeared to have gotten into his eyes or mouth. Much of his clothing was soaked in red darkness. He was shaking severely, taking off his glasses and sinking in shock to the floor.

Beverly Katz looked pleadingly at Lecter, who went over to Will, and said, "Let's go. I'll take you home and clean you up, Will. You need to leave this place."

Zeller, insensitive to how much this seemed to affect Will, said "That answers that question. She was definitely alive when he cut out her heart. There was still blood pressure."

Will's head jerked up in sudden rage at this, and he stood quickly. Hannibal led him by his dry arm out of the building.

Crawford scowled at Zeller, who only shrugged.

.....

The investigative team was kind enough to put a quantity of plastic sheeting inside Hannibal's Bentley so he could take Will home with him, still in his sodden clothes, plastic between his body and the seatbelt. He didn't seem to know what to do with his hands;

eventually he settled them on his blood-soaked thighs. He was very quiet in the car for over two hours, just staring straight ahead out the windshield, as it was pelted by rain. His eyes did not track the sweep of the windshield wipers.

After a long, silent drive, Will began shifting in his seat, the plastic crinkling. Hannibal occasionally glanced over at Will, who appeared to be undergoing a kind of inner torment. Eyes, closed, his facial expression kept shifting from worry to pain to anger to...an almost seductive smile. A bloody hand moved to run a slow caress from his neck to his chest, and he was breathing slowly.

In time, Lecter pulled the car up to his house in Baltimore. Time to break the spell. “Will?”

He opened his eyes. The expression he wore on his face was unlike any Hannibal had ever seen on it before. It was...coy. But it also wasn't exactly *Will*.

Escort

Chapter Summary

Dr. Lecter is the master of unconventional therapy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I think we need to go and get you cleaned up now.”

“Yes. Ok,” Will said flatly.

They went inside; the blood was dry enough now that it wasn't going to drip off of Will's clothes, but he left his shoes next to the car. Hannibal took Will up to his large white marble bathroom on the second floor, and excused himself to retrieve a heavy black plastic bag, of medical waste grade. He returned without his jacket, waistcoat, or tie. Will was as he'd left him, standing in the middle of the room, trying not to get blood on anything, and wearing that same out-of-place expression.

“Will, what's happening to you?”

Will seemed to come out of his trance a little, but looked past Hannibal. His voice was small and far away. “It's very hard to describe. The blood spray that hit me when I was...doing whatever it is that I do. It shocked me out of it, too fast. I didn't get to emerge...things were left unresolved. And also...you know the last time I was showered in blood.”

“The day you killed Garrett Jacob Hobbs.”

Will swallowed and nodded. “But it's not just that. Part of the killer's mindset consisted of an empathy disorder. I could feel it. And through it, I could also feel him as he sensed his victim. So it's like they're both inside my head, the woman he killed even more so.”

“Mirror neurons, an affliction you and the killer share. Manifesting now as a reflection of a reflection.”

“Yes. It's like a static charge building up in my brain.”

“We have to find a way to discharge it.”

Will opened and closed his mouth a few times, but couldn't find any words.

Hannibal scrutinized Will's face, and began to unbutton his bloody shirt, removing it slowly, as it stuck to the skin. Will shuddered with disgust. That, along with Will's jeans, then boxers

and socks, went into the medical waste bag. Hannibal tied it securely, and the congealing smell was no longer evident coming from it. But Will's body was patched with the red from neck to knee. Hannibal turned on the shower, guided Will inside the large space, and began taking off the rest of his own clothing.

Will stood under the hot water, the blood sluicing off of his body in sheets. After a few minutes, Hannibal joined him. He soaped the remaining stain from his body, and washed it from his hair. Will's eyes were closed, and he was experiencing the same changing facial expressions he was while riding in the car before. He stood still as Hannibal cleansed him with his large, strong hands, just breathing.

"Tell me what you need, Will."

Soon, Will's shifting expressions began to settle into an unfamiliar-looking sweet smile, radiating warmth and satisfaction, and he said in a soft voice, "You take such good care of me. I want to make you feel good." He placed his forearms on Hannibal's shoulders, pulling him in, and breathed into his ear: "I'll do anything you want, daddy. I'm yours."

Will was lost inside the empathic reflection now, and Hannibal was never one to forego an opportunity for practicing unconventional forms of therapy. This would have to be played out until its logical conclusion.

He wrapped his arms around Will's smooth waist, and kissed him deeply; felt him practically melt in his embrace. Hannibal turned off the shower, and dried Will off, then himself.

"You want me to tell you what I want, dear?"

Will nodded and flirtatiously pretended to try to cover his nakedness with the towel.

"You can use that hot mouth and tongue of yours to get my cock nice and hard, so I can lay you down and fuck you. You can do that for me, I know you can. You're such a good girl."

Hannibal reflected that this would be a very odd game if he thought Will was simulating this affliction, but he could tell that this was not the case. He pulled the towel away from Will, and took him by the hand, through into the adjoining bedroom. They sat together on the edge of the bed, and Will seemed to grow more submissive by the moment. In the past, when they had been together, Will wouldn't exactly take the lead. But he would often engage in one of his favorite activities, which was to suck on Hannibal's sensuous lower lip. Now, eyes closed, he was just letting Hannibal quest into his mouth and appeared to prefer to be held. Hannibal stroked his hair and caressed his back.

"Now, darling, on your knees and take your time."

Will never opened his eyes, but said, "I'll make you feel so good."

He slid down to the floor, and put his head between Hannibal's thighs, who sat all the way towards the edge. Hannibal was wondering what he would do first, and was rather surprised when, instead of starting to suck his hardening cock as he had expected, Will parted his legs as far apart as he could, and began to enter his ass with a quick tongue. Clearly, the woman

whose mind had infected Will's was indeed very intent on pleasing those who paid for her time. Hannibal leaned back on his elbows, and felt Will sliding his tongue in and out, a hand wrapped around his cock, which was now very hard; Will was quite good at this, and Hannibal felt that it wasn't only the foreign personality that was performing this on him. Will was there too, and Hannibal was sure that this would bring him back, to shake off the other mind. He had to see this through to the end to come out the other side.

After a few minutes, Will stopped tonguing Hannibal's ass, and started licking his way up to the base of his cock. He sucked at the underside, and Hannibal looked down at him; his eyes were open but again he didn't wear any sort of familiar expression. He usually avoided eye contact, but now his eyes were locked on Hannibal's as he made his way up to the head of his cock, tasting the precum that had started to emerge.

Will stopped and said "You taste so good. Can I suck you now? Please?"

"Yes, you may. I want to see how much you can take, dear. That's it, all the way in. Such a good little cocksucker you are."

Will closed his eyes again, and concentrated on taking every inch of Hannibal's considerable length down his throat. He knew how and when to breathe and how to avoid triggering his gag reflex; again, this was mostly Will's own talent showing through the other personality, Hannibal knew. He took Will's soft hair in his fingers and held his head firmly in place, fucking his mouth. Hannibal could hold back his orgasm as long as necessary to finish this properly. Will seemed hypnotized by the rhythm of breathing, sucking, breathing, like a kind of forced meditation.

"I'm ready for you now. Come up here, and lie back."

Will complied, still in a hazy dream state. He pulled himself up on the bed, still stroking Hannibal's cock, wet from saliva. He laid Will down forcefully. Without breaking contact, Hannibal reached over to the nightstand and found the lube in the front of its drawer. He leaned back, and slicked his fingers.

Sitting back, he bent Will's knees. "Just lie still while I see how tight you are."

Will sighed deeply, and ran his hands over his ribcage and chest, like he was putting on some kind of lascivious show. When Hannibal entered him with one finger, he gasped and bit his lower lip.

His voice was lilting and seductive: "Your cock is so big, I'll never be able to take it all inside of me."

"You're right – it will be difficult for you. You're very tight, and I'm going to enjoy filling you and stretching you."

Will was writhing and fucking himself into Hannibal's finger, who added a second, then another. Each incursion sent shockwaves that looked as if they went directly to Will's cock, which surged each time Hannibal brushed his prostate. It was leaking profusely. He thought

he could make him come just like this, but it wouldn't suit the situation. Will needed to be fucked.

"You enjoy this very much. You're so wet for me. I think you're ready."

"Mmmm, yes, please, please fuck me now," Will moaned.

Hannibal withdrew his fingers, and put his full weight on the other man's body. As he kissed him hard, he began to put the head of his cock in Will's ass, still so tight even after Hannibal's fingers. Will gasped into the kiss as Hannibal slid his whole hard length into Will, slowly. He kept his mouth on Will's who was breathless as he was being fucked with long, deliberate strokes that Hannibal knew were aimed right at his prostate.

Hannibal was gradually staying more and more inside of him, and Will's spread legs and position made it easy for him to bury his cock inside Will's ass deeper each time. He had his legs wrapped around Hannibal's waist, his arms on his shoulders, holding on to him desperately. Will's hard cock was getting direct pressure from being trapped between their bodies, the swell of Hannibal's abdomen stimulating him intensely. Hannibal felt fingers digging harder into his skin, and legs holding him tighter; he knew Will's orgasm would be very soon.

Finally breaking the long kiss, Hannibal sucked and nipped at Will's neck, and breathed into his ear, "Come for me, show me how good I make you feel."

Will's eyes finally flew open, looking right into Hannibal's. He began to feel the fiery lust in that mind that he'd sensed before; the dark blaze that obscured the other parts that Hannibal did not want him to see. At least, not yet, not fully. Each time they crept further into view. Will was no longer the dead woman, and he was not yet himself. This moment was a window through which Hannibal could wedge more and more of himself. It was a tiny crack, but it grew. Staring at that burning darkness, Will came, and Hannibal fucked him through it, each hard plunge bringing a surge of cum from his cock between them. Hannibal kept fucking him hard, after Will was through his release, the assault on his now oversensitive cock and prostate sharpening his mind and bringing him fully back to himself.

Will let go of Hannibal's shoulders, and in one swift motion, he found himself pinned down, Hannibal holding his arms over his head and driving into him with long strokes once again. He bit Will's neck, enough to break the skin, and came deep inside his ass with several final brutal thrusts.

When he was through, Hannibal stayed on top of Will and inside him for some time, while they caught their breaths. He moved slowly off, laying down next to him, and looking at his face. Will's eyes were open, looking sadly at the ceiling; but he was back to himself.

Hannibal turned to him, and stroked the side of his face. "Will?"

"That was...very strange. This case. I hope we catch him quickly, Hannibal. I know this'll happen again. He won't stop. He hates these people, even though he understands them. And I can't keep from completing the circuit. I'm worried I won't come out of it next time."

“I will be here to bring you back to reality. I won’t let you slip away.”

Will got up to go clean himself off, and then Hannibal followed suit. When he got back, Will was already sleeping. He covered him, and laid beside him. This situation, however unusual, would work to his advantage. Whenever Will needed him as an anchor, he could prise open his mind just a little more each time. By the time Will saw him fully, Hannibal knew that he would be so dependent, that it would be too late for him to do anything but accept.

Chapter End Notes

I think this is going pretty ok. Soon, there will be another victim. The Stealer hates those he deems sexual deviants, and never forgives. Will suffers their woeful tragedies when they no longer can.

Prostitute

Chapter Summary

They find the third victim, but he was the first one killed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Will woke the next morning, it was gradual and unhurried; he could smell breakfast cooking, likely sausage. He hadn't slept so well and so dreamlessly since...the last time he'd been with Hannibal. It seemed he felt safe and comfortable most in his bed.

He showered, and dressed in the clothing that had been laid out. He never wanted to see the clothes he'd been wearing the day before ever again. Having to stay in the blood-soaked things for so long, trying not to touch anything in Hannibal's car, was a terrible experience. Here was a set of what he imagined were what Hannibal wore to the gym, and it was definitely what would fit him best, and what he'd most feel comfortable in until he could get home.

When he went downstairs and into the kitchen, Hannibal was finishing cooking breakfast, and, as usual, it looked delicious.

"You slept very soundly, Will. How do you feel this morning"?

"A lot more like myself than last night. I felt...drunk. Or like I was hallucinating. Possessed. I don't know."

Will sat down at the counter, and drank the coffee that Hannibal had already poured for him, with the perfect amount of sugar. He stared off into space and tried to think of words to describe the experience which had left him terribly confused. It was, on one hand, horrible; he felt like he hadn't been in control of himself. *And god, the things I said. I called him "daddy," what the hell is wrong with me?* But on the other hand...the way Hannibal had dealt with the situation, letting it play out. On an even deeper level than his burning embarrassment, Will was excited beyond measure by everything that they'd done. In a way, it had freed him to do and say things that he was normally too inhibited to do. Begging to be fucked. Remembering Hannibal telling him he was *a good little cocksucker*. Even if he wasn't exactly himself at the time.

Hannibal noticed that Will was starting to lose himself again. He said, with just a hint of sharpness to break him out of his mind, "Will. Tell me what you are thinking about right now."

Will's eyes focused again, and he said, without hesitation, "I liked it." He couldn't bring himself to look at his friend, lover...he didn't know what they were to each other. He just knew he frequently found himself at the man's mercy, breaking and pouring himself out.

Putting down the plate of breakfast sausage and eggs in front of Will, moving very close to the now trembling man, and putting his hand on his arm, Hannibal said, "Do not feel ashamed. I think that the experience was ultimately beneficial. If you had attempted to keep those impulses inside of you, the result could have been very detrimental for your mind. You have me to lead you back, no matter how far you stray."

.....

Not again.

When Will saw Crawford's name on his phone as it went off, a mere four hours after Hannibal had dropped him off in Wolf Trap, he knew their idea that the Councilman in West Virginia had not been the Stealer's first victim was correct.

"Will."

"So we were right."

"I'm afraid so. We're en route to an abandoned hospital in Henderson, North Carolina. Dr. Lecter is already on his way to get you, should be there in about a half hour. I have to tell you...this one's going to be bad. When the bulletin went out to local PD, they knew just where to look. This place has been closed up for a few years, and no one goes there to check on it. He's been here for a while and there's not much left of him. But they recognized his jacket. Sheriffs had brought him in several times for solicitation at a truck stop nearby."

"A prostitute?"

"Yes. Nineteen years old. Another sorry tale. We'll have more when you get here."

.....

Will noticed that the car had been detailed; Hannibal had likely had it cleaned immediately. Even though Will thought he'd been very careful to avoid getting blood anywhere, he was sure the sensitivity of the Doctor's sense of smell would detect any lingering remnant of it. Again, feelings of guilt for Hannibal constantly having to contend with the fallout of his "gift."

It took about three hours to get to the crime scene, and it's already dark when they arrive. Again, it's clear that the news media has been tipped off, because they have to snake their way around a half-dozen satellite trucks from regional television affiliates. They get to the police cordon, and are let through.

The old hospital is surrounded by weeds. Although it had been abandoned for less than a decade, nature has a way of reclaiming spaces unused by humans quite fast. A tree had been struck by lightning and had caved in the roof of the two-story building, which was already

old and decrepit when it had been given up. There was an obvious hole in the roofline by the front entrance of the unpleasant, squat brick edifice. The last sort of place you would want to go for any hope of physical well-being. When the hospital had been bought, sight-unseen by a large corporate HMO conglomerate, they immediately closed it and consolidated its staff to a newer facility, wrote it off as a loss, and tried, unsuccessfully, to auction off the land. So there it had sat. Had anyone been near it recently, it would have been clear that it had been broken into; the large rusty chain that held the door was cut through.

The cop standing guard displays a look of panic when he sees Graham and Lecter approaching. He had to open that door for them, and did not want to.

The smell hit them immediately, and even Hannibal flinched. This was the sort of state of decomposition that nothing, not even menthol under the nose, or anything short of a gas mask, could stop. It would cling to their hair and clothes. Hannibal would have to get his car cleaned yet again.

They looked into the room. The investigative team was busy gathering evidence in the small exam room off of the lobby. Anyone with a free arm had it held over their face. Katz was picking a stray hair off of the exam table the victim had been duct-taped to, the same kind of tape and the same kind of table as the last two murders.

"I guess you warned me," said Will to Jack, who was standing just outside. "How long?"

"The temperature inside of here is practically the same as outside. We think he was out here in that cold snap we had three weeks ago. Then he thawed out, and it's been unusually warm for all that time, so I'd say just over four weeks. There would be even less of him if it hadn't gotten cold. He had started to decompose before that."

It was hard to imagine that there could be less. There had been some small animal predation, but it was still obvious that his ribs had been spread and cracked. This one would be hard to get much evidence from, so Will's reconstruction would be that much more important.

The team looked rather grateful as Crawford motioned for them to step back, and Will and Hannibal went in.

Lecter looked over the body with a small curl of revulsion on his lips. The surgical precision was difficult to make out this time due to the state of the body. But he noticed something different nonetheless. "Did they notice that his throat was cut?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. But if this really was his first, he decided not to do that anymore, since the other two victims didn't have theirs mutilated. There's no blood on the floor and no clamps like the others. I think he killed his one somewhere else and brought him here dead. I don't think he found it particularly satisfying."

"That's why the others were alive when they had their hearts removed."

"Yes. This one was over too quickly. It was too merciful. A mistake he wouldn't make again."

Will closed his eyes, and even the horrific smell seemed distant. He was seeing the events in reverse, as he often did.

It ended too fast. The death should have taken longer, stretched time. These moments were somehow fuller than others. Next time he would savor it, make it last and last. This was a good place, though, and he'd have to find others like it. But he had a great deal of knowledge about hospitals and clinics and nursing homes and all sorts of places. All the conversations that he'd had with nurses and staff and patients for decades, filed away in his perfect memory. He'd never run out of places to take these disgusting inhuman things and make them scream and scream. No one would ever hear, except him. And he could replay those screams in his mind whenever he wanted.

This thing had not so much screamed as begged. He had taken it behind a row of broken down trucks, to the place where he knew it often went – for he had been watching it – to perform the sick and unhealthy acts that he'd been secretly observing and videotaping. His first recording, but not to be his last. Once he'd gathered enough evidence of the thing's crimes, it was easy to pose as a passing traveler who wanted his "services." Once it was on its knees, ready to perform, a straight razor placed on its throat was all that was required for a litany of its sad life story to spill out. "Please, I'm just trying to get some money to eat, and a warm place to stay, why would you hurt me?" I told it that it was filthy and evil and did not deserve to have blood pumping in its veins. I rid it of that blood then and there.

Will gasped as he saw the blood sailing out of the young man's jugular. His last moment on Earth was to pitifully beg for his short life, which must have been so hard and needy.

"Will?" He came back to the awful reality in front of him slowly this time, but the hate and disgust of the killer was so powerful, his mind had retreated even more into the personality of the victim, as a refuge. It was easier to feel the fear and pain and loneliness, rather than that self-righteous rage.

Crawford seemed to not realize the extent of Will's mental confusion, which was nothing new, and asked, "What have you got?"

Will tried to gather himself a little and detach. "It's obviously him again. This was his first, and he learned from it."

"Learned what?"

"What it is that he likes about doing this. He's going to do it more and more. They're sick and dirty and they need to be taken out of this world," Will hissed.

Crawford looked slightly shocked. Will shook it off, and crept again into the sadness, fleeing the hate.

Realizing at last that there was something different about this reconstruction for Will, Jack backed off. "We should get you to talk about this in the morgue tomorrow. You're done here tonight. Dr. Lecter, I'm glad you're here to take him away."

.....

Outside was even worse. More media had arrived, and Will was feeling particularly vulnerable with all the shifting impressions running through his head, with that static feeling building up again. The light of cameras and shouting reporters had managed to move forward a little, and were pushing up against the inadequately manned police line. Their broadcast lights blinded him. And unfortunately, now they were between him and Hannibal and the car. They were yelling questions at Crawford who kept repeating that they had no comment at this time.

“Is this the Chesapeake Ripper?”

“Is the killer taking victims more quickly now?”

“Why is the F.B.I. involved?”

“Can we get a statement!”

Jack shouted, “Get these people back!”

The police manage to clear a small path for Graham and Lecter. Will was holding onto the Doctors’ arm, and for his part, Hannibal was trying to not let the reporters get footage of Will’s extremely strange facial expressions.

Trying not to run anyone down before they could get back to the road was a challenge. People were streaming into the site, and the police had completely lost control by now. The whole town seemed to have found out that the “Chesapeake Ripper” was on the loose, due to the misleading and inaccurate breaking news reports that cut into the post-6 o’clock news gameshows and sit-com repeats to tell them so.

But fortunately, everyone was going to the old hospital, and not away from it, so once they reached the highway, there was practically no traffic in that direction at all. By the time they crossed back over into Virginia on I-85 it was after 9 PM, and the roads were deserted.

As he had been doing only just the day before, but this time more so since he was not restrained by bloody clothes, Will was shifting in his seat and practically trying to crawl out of his seatbelt.

Hannibal broke the silence. “Can you try to center yourself, Will? Try to keep still.”

“I can’t.”

“We are not going to be able to make it back to Wolf Trap with you like this. We still have over two hours left, and you have been getting worse by the minute.”

“I know. There’s a rest stop coming up. Pull over.”

In another six miles, Hannibal steered the car off into the secluded rest stop. It had only a few picnic tables and a small building which likely contained tourist pamphlets, bathrooms, and vending machines. There were no other cars present. There were many trees, and under normal circumstances, it would have been a nice, wholesome retreat from the road, geared towards tired families.

Once they'd parked under the tree line, Will was curled up in his seat, hugging his legs to his chest. "I'm sorry Hannibal. I have to get through this now. It can't wait. I feel like I'm slipping away."

"Tell me what's in your mind, Will. Talk me through it."

"It's different from the last time. This one, he's not as desperate to feel like he's pleasing the people he was with. It was more a means to an end. More about survival than emotion."

"And you feel that your survival is at risk?"

"Yes. I'm..."

He drifted, his eyes going unfocused. Hannibal wondered if these episodes might be akin to seizures, a kind of temporary dissociative episode. Hannibal took off his seatbelt, and Will appeared to take this as direction to begin to play out the scenario that had taken over his mind. He opened his eyes, and looked straight through Hannibal, no longer himself. He moved to lower his head over Hannibal's lap, who unbuckled his belt. Will opened his trousers, more skillfully than he usually did. As if he was quite practiced at it, when in actuality, he was generally hesitant to take the initiative.

Hannibal stroked his hair gently as Will took his cock between his soft lips. Even his usual composure lessened, and he gasped at how quickly he became hard, the sweet mouth locked tight around him. Will drew the whole stiff length slowly in and out, and licked and sucked at the thick head. He didn't use his hands at all, adept and versed in how to please with just his tongue. Other times, when Will had sucked his cock, Hannibal enjoyed wrapping the soft curls cruelly around his fingers, and roughly fucking his throat. This time, he let Will take his time, and control the speed and pace. And it was glorious.

Hannibal was presented with a dilemma – he didn't want to risk them being seen, but yet also didn't want this to end right away. He could usually hold off, but despite himself, found he was getting very close to orgasm. When he felt Will increasing the pace of his head moving up and down his entire long shaft, ending each time with a delicious pressure of his tongue on the underside of his cock head, Hannibal gave himself entirely over to Will's need. He sensed the desperate desire radiating from Will to taste his cum. He surrendered, arching his back, giving Will what he needed. Hannibal heard him sigh around him, gratified and pleased, as he came deep in his hot mouth.

Will was almost immediately back to himself. He had seen in Hannibal's mind how good he'd made him feel, and it centered him. He leaned back into his seat, and smoothed his hair back off of his forehead.

After discreetly re-arranging himself back into his trousers, Hannibal said, "You seemed to get out of your inner turmoil much faster this time."

"Yes. But I'm getting tired of all these dark corners. They're growing, like lengthening shadows at dusk."

"Perhaps the next time, the victim will not have had as sad a life."

“That might almost be worse.”

“I’ll take you home. You need sleep.”

Will allowed himself a rueful smile. “You’re having to do that a lot recently. We have to get this guy. He’s escalating, I can feel it. There’s going to be so many more. And I don’t know how much of this, this losing myself, I can take. And you...always having to fix me.”

“My concern that there will be more victims is secondary to my concern for you, Will. I want you to come to my office this week. In two days. We have to discuss this. In a more formal setting, I think,” Hannibal said wryly.

This time, Will smiled sincerely, feeling a little relieved. But then the full reality of the situation, of what they had just done, basically in public, sank in. “Jesus, Hannibal, I hope no one saw us.”

“There are no other cars here. I am certain we were not observed.”

Unfortunately, and quite unusually, Hannibal was completely wrong.

Chapter End Notes

Someone was watching. We’ll meet him next.

Nolan

Chapter Summary

Meeting our killer.

Chapter Notes

Character development only in this chapter. Trust me, I will more than make up for the lack of porn with the next one.

It had been easy to follow them. It was always easy.

Dr. Nolan Mather spent his time, now that he was no longer a cardiac surgeon, trying to track down and eradicate those who he deemed inhuman, unworthy of life, because of the “unnatural” acts they engaged in. Often, he would re-visit his crime scenes, which he regarded as places of triumph; when he saw on the news that his very first location had been found, he had to see what would transpire. When he got to the abandoned hospital outside of Henderson, there was already the proverbial media circus forming. He could blend in to the crowd of on-lookers with no trouble at all.

But when he’d seen the F.B.I. investigators – at least, he’d assumed the two men were with them – being shepherded out of the building, his instinct that they were unclean had kicked in strongly. It was the way that the older one touched the younger one, the way he clung to his arm. He’d decided to follow them, easily slipping away from the melee that the madding crowd was trying to get closer to.

And sure enough, they were only few miles out of town on the highway when they pulled in to a largely-disused rest area. *Couldn’t even wait until they got to their destination.* Nolan pulled off the road, not actually entering the rest area. He’d crept into the wooded area around it with his telephoto video camera. And he’d recorded everything they’d done. He didn’t get a completely clear shot, but he’d seen the younger one lean over the others’ lap, and stay there for a good long time. He wasn’t stupid.

A check of Department of Motor Vehicles records the next day lead him easily to the registration of the Bentley of Dr. Hannibal Lecter of Baltimore, Maryland. A former surgeon himself, now a practicing psychiatrist. Nolan was doubly disgusted by the fact that a Doctor could engage in something so perverse as homosexual acts. At least he no longer practiced physical medicine; but it troubled the former Dr. Mather that this man had peoples’ minds in his charge now. No telling what he counseled them to do in this permissive age.

And to think, they were the ones helping to catch him, presumably. This was a positive and most amusing development, because he believed there was no way such degenerates could ever outwit him. At his home, he regarded the three large glass jars which contained the hearts of those he'd killed thus far: the pathetic truck-stop boy prostitute, the Councilman who committed adultery with his secretary, and the young woman who considered herself a "refined companion" in her advertisement, but was nothing more than a common whore. Each trophy was taken more cleanly, and with more time and skill, than the last.

The one thing that vexed Nolan to his core was the fact that the idiot press and television news had declared that the deaths were the work of the Chesapeake Ripper. This person was almost like the proverbial boogey-man; because he had gone so long without being caught, anytime there was a suspicious death that involved mutilation, his specter was invoked. But even the most cursory knowledge of that case would lead one to the logical conclusion that Dr. Mather's kills could not be related; their similarities were clearly only surface-level. The only exception was the Tattlecrime.com blog, who never attributed his kills to the Ripper; this media source, even though it wasn't as well-perused by the general public as the local TV news, at least had a commitment to accuracy derived from the facts.

But Mather supposed that those that he had killed already were not high-profile enough. The Councilman had gotten some press, but that was largely linked to his own tawdry scandal; his death would not have received any widespread coverage at all had they not linked it to the Ripper. Dr. Mather already had a new victim in mind – the owner of business in Baltimore, which Nolan regarded as a sick and twisted. An interesting coincidence; he laughed to himself and wondered if this Dr. Lecter might frequent it, as he was clearly the type. The business was a sex and bondage equipment shop, and the owner was known to be prominent in the sorts of scenes that promoted what was now called "alternative lifestyles." Nolan was sixty years of age, and had witnessed the steady path of social breakdown as such "lifestyles" were not only tolerated, but legally recognized. At least in his corner of the world, he'd made it his duty to put the brakes on it.

The former Doctor, who had been so highly regarded, became almost physically ill when he thought about the chain of events that had led to his disgrace and loss of medical license. He had let it be known, though a letter to the editor of the local paper, that he was openly refusing to operate on anyone with an unhealthy, degenerate lifestyle. After all, having such creatures in the hospital risked the lives of upstanding citizens and patients. "It was commonly known that they spread disease," he'd written in the piece. "Time to halt the modern day plagues, or the wrath of God would rain down upon all, guilty or innocent."

The day after the op-ed was published, the hospital administrator called him before on official ethics board enquiry, and suspended his surgical privileges immediately. Dr. Mather had never worked again. He was made an example of. They said he was glad that he'd shown his true colors. If they only knew. He, who was likely a descendent of the Puritan preacher Cotton Mather, who counseled the local authorities and clergy to rid old Salem of witchcraft so many hundreds of years ago. *He's rolling in his grave*, Nolan thought. *I can almost feel it.*

A significant aspect of Nolan's new work was getting video and photographic evidence of these modern, and much worse crimes. The Salem courts could only rely upon "spectral evidence" of the witches' crimes; he had it on tape. And he watched them over and over

again. It was important that he properly prepare and contain himself, should any involuntary responses emerge from his own body when he watched his library of evidence. Now, watching the blurry video of the F.B.I agent and Dr. Lecter, he was glad of the stainless steel and titanium chastity device that he wore. It was fastened securely to the Prince Albert piercing that he had performed on himself years ago. Nolan was sickened to learn that contemporary perverts used it to derive some kind of sexual pleasure, instead of its proper purpose, which was to fasten the genitals to something for the purposes of modesty. In his case, it was the cage that contained him and was relatively effective against unwanted arousal, stopping blood flow at various points.

Even at 60, Nolan was in excellent physical condition, having denied himself the kinds of things that weakened and aged those he used to treat. He'd never touched alcohol, coffee, cigarettes; he ate a strictly controlled diet and exercised regularly. Most importantly, he'd never subjected himself to the weaknesses of the flesh that accompanied sexual activities. And, as such, he wasn't about to start now.

Nolan thought about the possibility that he would be caught, but believed that he was naturally superior, and did not think it was a great likelihood. Surely the investigators would be wondering about the exam tables that he used, perhaps assuming that he got them all at once from some kind of surplus sale, or that he would have to make use of a storage space to keep them. Neither was true; he had enough space in his extensive basement to store the three or four dozen of the things that he'd picked up gradually over the years. Some might call him a hoarder; he had all kinds of disused medical equipment. He collected things like the tables, as well as rib spreaders. Halo crowns for those who'd had extensive head and spinal injuries. He wondered how he might be able to utilize those creatively as well. And now he hoarded hearts, things that were better kept by him than used to further the evil done by their former owners. He had many of the large glass jars, and could keep collecting for some time.

Now, it was time to start to prepare the next jar. He'd set it out, and filled it with formaldehyde. He'd taken the needed equipment from his basement, and had found a suitable location for his work the day before. He'd watched the movements of the next one over many weeks, and had sufficient evidence on tape, having planted a small camera in the ceiling light of the place where the man had been carrying on his activities.

A visit to Baltimore to kill the sex shop owner would allow him to also trace the movements of Dr. Lecter. In time, he'd get more evidence of what he regarded as the sick acts he performed with the agent. Nolan wanted to kill both of them soon, but knew that, due to their linkage with the authorities, this would be the most rewarding and complex trophies he had ever taken. Tracing, taping, and luring two people at once would be a challenge, and required meticulous planning.

Therapy

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has an infallible method to help Will feel more like himself; or, at least, how Hannibal wants him to feel.

Chapter Notes

A return to the fundamentals of porn.

Will was looking at crime scene pictures – at least, the only usable ones they had access to – that they had in Crawford’s office.

The first victim, and the last one found, was far too decomposed to be of much forensic value. That left the last one that they’d actually seen the crime scene for when it was relatively undisturbed (and thus had good pictures of) and the body of the West Virginia City Councilman. They’d had his body transferred to the lab, but the pictures of the crime scene were not up to the quality that they were used to.

“I see something different in this set,” Will said, discussing the photos of the councilman. “The angle is terrible, and it’s unprofessionally blurry, but you can see that there’s a lot more tape used on him than on the Escort. Her name was Anna....” Will trailed off, the echo of her suffering creeping in to the corners of his thoughts. She was gone from his mind, now, but looking at the pictures of her death scene made her seem like a less-than-distant memory. He coughed, and re-focused. “And of course, none was used on the first victim, because he was already dead.”

“Why less for her?” asked Jack.

“Presumably because he was stronger and could try harder to escape the bonds. But there’s something else. He’s getting more confident.”

“You mentioned something about righteousness before.”

“Oh, yes,” Will said with sureness, “that is there in *abundance*. These pictures, the bodies... his sense of his own correctness is screamed from these things. So loud it’s deafening.”

“What else do you hear, Will?”

Will was worried that he'd sink further into what the killer, *the Stealer*, was feeling about his victims. Looking at the pictures of the body of Anna, he could summon it again with clarity.

"He's...he's like me. Only not like me." He was having difficulty explaining this to Jack, who could barely understand the depth of feeling that Will experienced. "He empathizes with them, but the more he understands them, the more he hates them. I've never known anything like it."

Jack at least sensed the intensity in Will's explanation, and didn't press him further on it. However, it was necessary that this analysis be further developed, so he suggested what he usually did: "You're talking to Dr. Lecter about this, I hope. And soon."

Will took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. Avoiding eye contact in this case was mainly to escape embarrassment at revealing too much about what had been transpiring between him and Hannibal. "Yes, Jack, Dr. Lecter has been very helpful already. And I'm seeing him tomorrow."

"Good."

Will didn't want to discuss this anymore with Jack. He did need to talk to Hannibal, to process this in an environment where he didn't feel that if he lost himself, there would be no way out. He already began to think he was understanding at once too little about the Stealer, and too much.

.....

That night, at home in his bed, Will dreamed of anger. The killer was infecting him when the victims were absent; when his alarm went off, he hit it so hard, it cracked. The pain in his hand shocked him awake, and back into himself, as fast as if he'd been sloshed by a bucket of cold water. Even the dogs sensed it, and lacked their usual morning boisterousness when he let them outside. He needed to get this out of him, to exorcize it like a demon, to come back to himself. Seeing Hannibal today was needed desperately. Will began to feel guilty about how much he felt like he was leaning on the man, but if he ever needed to lean, it was today. He would be Hannibal's last appointment this evening. It was going to be a long day.

.....

Will's class in the late afternoon had been almost excessively respectful of him. Students who usually questioned him afterwards, crowding around and acting as if they wanted to be impressive, stayed far away this time. They shuffled out silently. Will reflected that he might have described the newest crime scene photos with just a little too much *relish*. He vaguely remembered saying something about how they *all deserved what they got*, and then walking it back, trying to make it clear that this was what the Stealer thought, and not him. But the lecture was kind of blur now, and he dry-swallowed three aspirin. He was sliding into an empathic mindset of one who seethed with hatred, and he was disgusted by how twisted his thoughts were becoming.

Even driving to Hannibal's office at night was an exercise of fighting road rage. By the time he got to his destination, he'd leaned on his car horn several times, and tailgated a minivan

full of teenagers he felt were going too slow.

In a daze, he went up to the door, and entered the waiting room. Though he was a few minutes early, Hannibal was already leaning against the open door to the inner sanctum of the office, touching the frame with his hip, slim and graceful in his dark blue suit.

He clasped a hand to Will's shoulder as he crossed the threshold. Tense with the uncontrolled emotions of the day, Will felt a slight sense of relief now that he was here; as if he'd been running a race for the last thirty-odd hours just to cross this finish line. It was going to be all right now, or soon would be.

Will sat without a word in his usual place, as did Hannibal. They were sitting in chairs opposite from each other, as they so often did. Will wondered if the chairs weren't positioned slightly closer together than before. He sat back, body language indicating that he was guarded, closed off. Hannibal had a more neutral position; relaxed, but with legs crossed.

Will first broached the subject of his guilt at what had been going on between them lately, wanting to get it out of the way. "You always have to come to my rescue. To reel me back from the brink. The things I've been saying and doing with you, it's beyond the bounds of what you should have to deal with."

"I don't think of it that way, Will."

Incredulous, Will asked, "How do you think of it?"

"I cannot say that my motivations are always entirely unselfish. I don't have an interest in you assuming the personalities of others. I wish to have you back as you. To assist in driving them away is of great importance to me."

He understood what was meant, but didn't always understand why. There was something, though, that he was beginning to come to realize. Hannibal was slowly, so very gradually, letting Will see more and more of him, the entirety of who he was. It was at once terrifying and exhilarating to be the only one who was capable of seeing; either Hannibal was shaping him in his image, or he was revealing to him that they were already just alike.

Will had grown very quiet. He was thinking of how different it was between them when he was overwhelmed with empathizing with the victims. Today, in their absence, he was possessed with the rage of a killer instead. Neither was an acceptable option.

"Will. You are very troubled today. Angry."

"I'm sorry. This man, he's filled with rage. He hates these people for being what he considers to be sexual deviants, and I'm very certain he would feel that way about me. And about you. So it's difficult, having him inside of my head. He seeps in at the edges." Will was beginning to grit his teeth, the juxtaposition of the memories of his experiences with Hannibal, and what the Stealer would think of those experiences, becoming more than he could fit inside of his mind.

Hannibal regarded him dispassionately, tilting his head slightly as he looked him. Will's eyes were unfocused, and he seemed to be fading again. A kind of reinforcement was needed, one that Hannibal had anticipated; a way of making Will more anchored in the part of him that wanted the connection between them, and to reject the foreign presence that was making him flee from it.

"Come here, Will."

His focus snapped back from its descent into oblivion. Hannibal's commanding voice had that effect on him. He barely hesitated, getting to his feet and crossing the short distance between them.

Hannibal uncrossed his legs, and sat closer to the edge of the chair. A gesture of opening up and inviting closeness.

He said only one word: "Kneel."

As always, Will obeyed. Hannibal unbuckled his belt and opened his suit trousers. He wasn't wearing anything underneath them, and Will held back what would have been a very ill-timed laugh. He'd clearly planned for this eventuality. *Always the unconventional therapist*, he mused.

Will leaned forward, and Hannibal wound his fingers through the soft hair. Though he need not have said anything, he gave the command, "Open your mouth." His instructiveness was part and parcel of this treatment. Will soon felt Hannibal's cock hardening against his tongue. He sucked as if he'd been starving. The muskiness he was greeted by as he pressed his nose into the hair at the base was divine and intoxicating; he rested there, feeling the swell of him as was fully hard against the back of his throat. He hummed against the flesh, and Hannibal began to move Will's head, holding him by the hair, up and down. The excitement of giving up control to Hannibal, letting himself be used, felt at once grounding, but also like liquid heat in his veins.

He pushed Will off just enough to wrap one hand around himself, constricting his cock with a circled thumb and finger. He allowed Will to control the pace now, who reveled in running his tongue over every inch of it, lips swollen and red. He was breathless as he sucked the thick head, plunging the length back down into his mouth as far as it would go.

Hannibal didn't want this to end quickly; there was so much more he had in mind. After a few rolling thrusts that threatened to choke off his air supply, he pulled Will off his cock. He'd been lost in the act and finally opened his eyes when he realized he was freed. Enacting the next part of the plan, Hannibal took out a small jar of lubricant he'd had concealed in his pocket, and handed it to Will.

"Stand."

With unsteady effort, Will complied. Hannibal nearly ripped open his jeans as he stood there, and forced them roughly down. Will eagerly stepped out of them, and his shoes, kicking them aside, leaving him only in his shirt and socks. Hannibal ran one finger up the underside of

Will's already hard cock, making him shiver. He pressed the pad of his thumb into the leaking slit of the head, eliciting a long groan.

"Look at you, William. So wet for me."

Will could barely keep standing, hard breaths coming fast, and sighing, "I'm yours, Hannibal."

He was pulled forward by the hips, as Hannibal eased back in the chair. Will straddled his lap, resting gently against his thighs, as he applied the slickening substance to Hannibal as quickly as possible. Raising Will up, he let the trembling man have control as he positioned himself to let the massive cock enter him as slowly as he could bear, stretching himself, as Hannibal usually prepared him with his fingers. But not this time.

Concentrating, trying to relax and focus on letting himself be opened, Will accepted Hannibal inside of him, inch by inch, still being held firmly, now by the waist. When he was finally and completely filled, he rested there, the back of his thighs on the top of Hannibal's. He put his hands on his shoulders, while Hannibal let go to open and remove Will's shirt. He was still completely clothed except for his open trousers; Will tried not to harm the fabric of his suit as he felt one of his nipples being taken between cruel, sharp teeth, the other twisted in rough fingers. Head back, he wailed a deep and feral noise.

"So good. Yes, fuck, please, uh, uh, ah, uh, mmmm..."

When he felt Hannibal's mouth at his throat, he was unable to stop himself from rolling his hips, feeling the cock inside of him gliding smooth in and out of its tight embrace. Though Will knew better than to assail Hannibal's clothing, he couldn't help himself from running his fingers through his hair, holding on, and bringing his face up to meet his own, kissing him hard. When Will felt his tongue meet Hannibal's it was like a current up his spine, and he sighed against the man's full and perfect lips.

Will moved faster, impaling himself over and over, but it wasn't nearly enough. He couldn't get the kind of leverage he needed to fuck himself on Hannibal's cock as hard as he wanted it. Sensing his mounting frustration, Hannibal held him still, and Will had a moment to catch his breath. The cock buried inside his ass felt real, and nothing else.

Mouth against Will's ear, he said, "Over to the desk, Will. Hands on the edge. Now."

Will slowly disengaged from Hannibal's lap, and stood as steadily as he was able, with weak and shaking legs. He felt like he was in a dream as his steps faltered, but at least he didn't have far to go. And the solidity of the wood beneath his hands made him feel more substantial, more present. He realized that he no longer felt out of control or any rage, just the need to be penetrated, the want of nothing filling him, for the moment.

Hannibal stood and removed only his jacket. Applying more lubrication while stroking himself, he didn't give Will much time to feel the emptiness that consumed him.

This is what he'd been waiting for, what he'd missed – Will free of any invading forces, freely giving himself over. Hannibal took his time, sliding his cock up and down Will's

perineum, making him gasp and try to press back into him, wanting more contact. Spreading him open to see how it looked when he pressed the head ever so slightly into Will's tight hole. He enjoyed how it gaped just that little amount when he pulled out. Over and over, he darted inside, never letting the desperate man get the extent of what he so obviously wanted.

Besides desperate, hitching moans, Will could only manage a few coherent words: "Please, Hannibal, please. Please fuck me. I want it."

Making Will need him was Hannibal's sweetest triumph. He sighed with satisfaction. "This is how I want to see you, Will. Stretched open for me, and begging to be fucked."

He pushed his cock just deep enough for the head to glide over Will's prostate, smooth and precise. Will's breath came in short gasps. Just as Hannibal had him at the height of overstimulation, he slapped his ass firmly with a large and powerful hand. The resulting yelp and tightening around him made Hannibal arch his back and dig fingernails into Will's hip. Will locked his elbows and braced himself more firmly on the edge of the desk, knowing what was about to happen; and he was not proven wrong when Hannibal thrust hard, finally giving what he wanted the most – to be filled completely with Hannibal's thick, hard cock. And to be fully himself while he felt it.

"You are perfect Will, perfect wanting me to fuck you."

He started giving Will what he'd asked for, begged for, taking him hard and fast.

"Oh god YES, harder, don't stop, never stop, I want it so much."

These were the last words he could manage. Will's mind opened, and felt the burning fire of Hannibal's lust enveloping him at long last. Perhaps he wasn't really himself at all, but he was no longer possessed by anyone he didn't want to be possessed by. The fire stood in contrast to the darkness that also burned, which Will wanted more and more to touch every time he was there; and Hannibal let him see it by degrees.

This was more real than the fevered possessions he had been experiencing; the intensity of Hannibal's fucking, the way he felt owned and taken. The only reality that mattered was the fire, both in his mind and gathering like a summer storm in the depth of his belly. The quickening pace, the steady rhythm that slowly devolved into ever more erratic and bestial thrusts, and Hannibal's low growl; the bruising hold on his hip, the sweat dripping from his forehead, and the precum dripping from his cock. The hand that wrapped around him, hard beyond belief, slickened with the wetness leaking from its head. How Hannibal only needed to pump him hard and fast a few times before his mind shattered and merged with the wave of Hannibal's release, the surges of pleasure that threatened to drive him mad. He thought he heard himself scream, and tasted blood as he bit his lip in a vain attempt to stifle it.

Hannibal brought out the handkerchief from his pocket that he knew would be required, and cleaned off his hand. He brought Will to a standing position, and held him tight to himself, bracing him. His legs were shaking and Hannibal felt the hammering of Will's heart against his chest. As his breathing slowed and heart rate began to lessen, he eased his cock out of Will, who shuddered as it grazed his prostate one last time. He was in a trancelike state, and felt as if he was watching someone else's body being gently guided to sit down and lie back

on the leather couch a few feet away, which was draped in a few blankets. Even this, Hannibal had prepared for. His hands hurt from the white-knuckled grip he'd maintained on the edge of the desk for so long.

He was left to regain his senses while Hannibal went to clean himself up. When he returned, Will was coming back to reality, and wore a clearer expression than he had in days. He sat beside him, stroking his ribcage.

"How are you feeling, Will?"

"Like I've been shaken apart and put back together."

"You were feeling broken?"

"I was. But not any longer. I still feel like I'll be susceptible to the impressions that the victims leave behind. When there are more of them. And there will be."

"Rest here a while."

"Yes, I'm not sure I could even stand right now." Will smiled, more genuinely than he had in some time. This was so ironic, that he needed to be fucked clear out of his mind to be set back into reality.

.

Outside, at a short distance from the office, sat a parked car. It was now almost 8 p.m., and the F.B.I. agent had been at his "appointment" with Dr. Lecter for over an hour and a half. The occupant of the nondescript sedan watched as he left and drove off. In a few minutes, Lecter himself was seen driving off in the direction of downtown. Following at a discreet distance, Nolan Mather was preparing to gather a little more reconnaissance on this man, who he was developing a passionate hatred for. But there was also a curiosity; everyone that Nolan had targeted so far had some kind of deficient life situation, but this man was clearly educated, well-off, respected. He was terribly curious about what drove him to seek the depravity he so clearly did.

Reprieve

Chapter Summary

The killer follows Dr. Lecter; Will gets a little reprieve from the emotional demands of the case (albeit a short-lived one).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nolan Mather found it easy to trail his potential victims.

When Dr. Lecter went into the European Specialties store in Baltimore, which sold various imported food items, he waited to follow him in. The place was still relatively busy a half hour from its closing time, so it was possible to blend into the background and observe his interaction with the shop's proprietor. Nolan had been here before, and was familiar enough with where to stand such that he could hear some of the conversation without being observed. Apparently, there was some kind of disagreement taking place, though its tone was kept polite enough. Something had been promised to be delivered to Lecter's office, a package of some kind, and it had not arrived. Lecter had expected the courtesy of a telephone call, and the proprietor did not seem to care that he had neglected to do this.

The entire exchange was fascinating; the psychiatrist was all restrained manners, but Nolan's empathy could detect a seething anger coming from him that was actually terrifying. The shop owner either did not see it or did not care to see it. *People are so blunted*, he thought; *they block and ignore that which does not serve them, but everything can be bent to one's usage if one is willing to do it*. The man was like fire, and Nolan was never more amazed that he was the only one that could detect it. The Doctor took a proffered business card from his adversary (for there was no other word to describe this relationship, other than adversarial), and walked out, with a practiced ease that would not betray his vicious fury. The shop owner had been *rude*; yes, that was it. *Rude*; there really was no other word for it. Nolan could sense this as well.

He bought a couple of items before leaving, ensuring that Lecter was long gone by that time.

.

Will was finally home. The drive from Baltimore always exhausted him, but tonight he felt strangely energized. It had been some time since he did not feel invading presences in his mind, from either killer or victim. It was difficult to tell where he ended and everything else began. This was also true of his connection with Hannibal, but that presence was at least welcome.

He was *starving*, ravenously hungry. Going inside, he let his dogs out, who bounded through the door and up to him, sensing his energy had shifted.

“Yes, good god, I’m happy to see you too. Go on, now.”

Inside, he rummaged through the refrigerator, and found some pork that Hannibal had sent him home with recently. It still seemed good, and he was pleased at the thought of eating something he’d prepared. He stacked some of the slices of the meat on some bread which he had baked in a fit of desperation the day before. Despite the delicious smell of it, he still hadn’t wanted to eat it. Now he sliced into it with enthusiasm, slathered it with some whole grain mustard, and went outside to devour the rustic sandwich while watching the dogs.

The night was warm, and he found himself getting uncomfortably hot in his clothes. Once the group had been gathered and were ensconced on their rugs and beds in the front room, Will went into the bathroom and stripped off his clothes, running a relatively lukewarm shower. Getting into it was glorious – he sluiced the sweat from his body that had gathered there and dried from the evening’s activities. He’d cleaned up as best as he could after being taken so, so hard by Hannibal earlier, but the salt-smell remained on his skin. It felt good to rid himself of it. He felt a little self-conscious about this; Lecter rarely perspired, and Will...was easily reduced to a soaking mess. *Oh, well.*

He ran one hand up and down his chest, the other braced against the wall, which he leaned up against with his back. *So cool...*

Will flashed into a memory, now burned into his mind, of Hannibal fucking him hard earlier that evening. He pressed into the spots on one of his hips that was bruised by rough fingers. He gasped with the intensity of his recollection. The other hand wandered down to his rapidly hardening erection, and stroked it as he felt it had been before; relentless, quick. Throughout the drive back to Wolf Trap, he’d become aware of the cum and lube still inside, and how it leaked from him. One finger probed into his sore and abused hole, and this sent him reeling fast towards orgasm.

“Fuck, yes, Hannibal, harder...” he moaned out loud, one hand fingering himself, the other on his cock. The release shattered him anew, his legs buckling until he sank to the floor of the shower enclosure. On his knees, he rode the wave of remembrance, and sobbed as he seared it deeper into his mind. The catharsis was powerful.

.

Will slept and dreamt that night of the darkness surrounding him and flowing though him, formless and burning. It had no shape, and thus no end. He was irrevocably possessed by it now, wanted nothing more than to peer into its depths, and be consumed by its heat. To melt and dissolve.

.

The following days were filled with classes and consultations with Jack Crawford. His students noticed the change, and the energy in the classroom was completely the opposite of

what it had been as of late; Will even smiled at his students genuinely, as they felt comfortable to ask him questions afterwards.

He tried to temper his good mood when he met with Jack, mirroring the concern of the serious man, and not the wisecracking attitude of Price and Zeller.

There was further work that had been done on the Stealer's victims, including the Councilman from West Virginia. They'd pulled what appeared to be a stray hair from the tape he'd been bound with. It didn't belong to the mistress or any of his family members; and the fact that it was enmeshed in the duct tape made it likely to belong to the killer. They'd sent it off for DNA analysis, but, of course, it matched no known offenders. Still, once they'd caught him, it could be used to bolster the case.

Beverly Katz was completely perplexed. She tried not to look directly at Will when she raised an eyebrow while pondering on the source of his improved spirits, and kept her rather salacious speculations to herself.

When they were finished, Jack followed him out into the hallway.

"Will, I need to talk to you for a second."

Trying to seem nonchalant, he stopped and assumed the most neutral expression he could manage.

"Yes, Jack. What is it?"

"You seem much less tense and more able to concentrate. Do I owe Dr. Lecter a debt of thanks?"

Will was completely unable to stop the corner of his mouth from twitching upwards. But he pretended to be interested in a loose button on his shirt to avoid eye contact.

"Yes, Jack, he's been very helpful. Our conversations have been...great."

Jack clapped his shoulder, and said, "Well whatever you two have been doing, please keep it up."

"Yes. I think we will."

Jack turned and walked off while Will suppressed a surprisingly immature giggle.

Rounding the corner, he felt his phone buzzing in his pocket, and was exceedingly pleased to see the caller ID read "Hannibal Lecter."

Ducking into a disused room, he answered.

"Hello."

"Hello, Will."

Will's smile was practically audible.

"I've been thinking about you."

"Have you now." It wasn't a question as much as an almost flirtatious invitation to continue.

"I'd been hoping you'd call. It's been a few days since..." Will trailed off, finding it difficult to discuss their last "appointment" on the phone, especially where he was. He was hoping Hannibal would let him off the hook.

"My thoughts precisely. I would extend an invitation to you for dinner tomorrow night. I trust you can have someone look in on the dogs?"

"Yes, uh, well, Beverly has been very good about that. She wants me to be happy and doesn't ask too many questions.

"I suppose that's best. See you at 7."

Before Will could answer, Hannibal ended the call. Will could only swallow hard, and hope he didn't encounter anyone in the hallway. He knew he was blushing, and that wouldn't be the only physical response that might be potentially embarrassing.

.....

The next day, Will had no responsibilities except to himself and his dogs before his dinner engagement with Hannibal. After another deep, refreshing sleep, where he only vaguely remembered amorphous dreams of sweet possession, he decided to do something he felt he hadn't had the energy to do for some time – go for a run. Many of the dogs were too old to accompany him comfortably, but a couple of the younger ones, Winston and Applesauce, were practically brimming with enthusiasm. It seemed like they knew somehow.

His property bordered a National Park, and it had been longer than he cared to remember that he took advantage of that fact. Running after him, the two companions gave him energy and prodded him on by their pure unadulterated joy to go further and faster than he had in months.

When he was walking, exhausted and dripping, back up to his porch, he vowed to do this more often.

When he got inside, his stomach dropped.

There was a notification on his phone. It read "Jack Crawford – 5 missed calls."

He knew he'd not be able to see Hannibal the way he'd wanted to, but that they would be meeting. Under entirely the wrong circumstances. He showered quickly before returning the call, sighing ruefully at the lack of time for what he *really* wanted to do when he was in there.

"Will, I'm aware that you haven't really had any time off lately, but there's been another body found."

“I guessed. I’m on my way to...where, exactly?”

“There’s a dentist’s office that’s been for sale for a few months. No one was checking it because it wasn’t technically ‘abandoned.’ This guy’s getting smarter. It’s in Worton. I’ll text you the address. Dr. Lecter will beat you there. Will, this victim was well known in the gay community, and there’s already a huge media circus forming. Call me when you’re almost there, and I’ll meet you at the cordon. We’re trying to establish a perimeter around a two-block radius, we almost have a riot on our hands.”

Will rubbed his temple, and felt a lot of the relaxation he was able to achieve lately fleeing his body. This is the last thing he needed, and he hazarded an unpleasant guess. “Is Freddie Lounds likely to be there?”

“Almost certainly.”

“Great.”

Jack sounded like he fully hated saying it but uttered through clenched teeth, “In her defense, she’s the only one who’s been rejecting this ridiculous ‘Chesapeake Ripper connection’ outright.”

“I’ll be sure to pass your compliment on to her if we happen to meet.”

Will could hear Jack fuming through the phone, but didn’t feel sorry for saying what he had said.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for continuing to read and comment on this! Longfic is long.

Submissive

Chapter Summary

A horrific scene of the Stealer's latest victim at a Dentist's office brings Will to certain realizations about his own personality, which Hannibal will have to help him work through.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will was getting closer to the crime scene – if his GPS hadn't told him this, it would be obvious, as the traffic and people streaming down the sidewalk and roads grew and grew as he got closer. He was unfamiliar with this part of the Baltimore metro area.

But suddenly, Will's car completely lost power; it just died in the street.

“Oh this is just fucking great.”

He pulled over to the side of the road, parking illegally in front of a fire hydrant, since it was the only place left due to the large crowd that was forming. He called Jack, who would not be happy about this new glitch.

“Are you here yet?”

“I am, but there's a problem. My car died, and there's no way I can get through this crowd.” He could hear the noise of it all over the phone.

“All right. I'll send out Doctor Lecter and a few cops to rescue you.”

“Thanks,” Will said through gritted teeth. He had time to watch the crowd increasing, and had a very strong sense that this situation could get rapidly out of control.

Help arrived after Will had time to get very nervous about his safety, and one of the three officers stayed behind to radio for a tow truck.

“What took you so long,” Will said ironically to Hannibal, who grimaced at having to be amongst so many people.

The cops pushed their way through the crowd the last three blocks to the perimeter of the police cordon. But just before they got to the barrier, the media section became evident. A voice called out to one side of them. A familiar one.

“Mr. Graham, Doctor Lecter!”

Will cringed at the recognition. It was, of course, Freddie Lounds.

“This is really not a good time, Ms. Lounds,” said Lecter with the smoothest of menace.

She stepped boldly closer to both of them, pushing aside the other reporters who’d scented a new lead. “On the contrary, this is an excellent time. As I’m sure you’re aware, I’m the only reporter who’s got the facts of this case even remotely straight, and it would be beneficial for you, and for me, to share anything you have. I’m as interested as stopping the spread of dangerous misinformation as you are.”

She spoke fast and confidently, and this annoyed Will more than anything. He had just about reached the end of his patience with this entire situation, and hissed. “I very much doubt that.”

“Now, now, Mr. Graham, I’m on your side. Do you think these vultures are interested in the truth, as I am? They don’t care in the slightest if their fear mongering incites a riot. It’s shockingly obvious that this isn’t the work of the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“Ms. Lounds,” Hannibal said more politely this time, “while the FBI’s position is aligned with your own, we’re certainly not at liberty to discuss any particulars with you.” With that he took Will’s arm roughly, and practically dragged him towards the Dentist’s office which served as today’s crime scene, as Will glared back at her. Unfortunately several other reporters got a very good picture of the murderous look on his face. Freddie Lounds scoffed at them as they did; Will Graham wasn’t the real story here this time.

“Amateurs.”

.

Inside, the tableau that the Stealer had set up was best described as “over the top.” As before, the victim’s heart was removed, while he was still using it. There was the tell-tale clamps on the veins and aorta. But the killer had a penchant for using the equipment at hand, and as this was a Dentist’s office, different mutilations had been performed than in the past.

Horrifically, his eye had been put out but a drill. And a tartar-scraping implement had been used to crudely carve the word “DISEASED” into his abdomen below the massive chest wound.

Photographing the scene, Price said, “Everyone’s ultimate dental nightmare.”

Will noticed that Zeller looked the most horrified of all of them, and saw he was avoiding looking at the man’s ruined face. He seemed to recognize the victim.

Katz noticed too, and asked, “You okay?”

“It’s just that...I’m familiar with his business. I’ve never talked to him, but I’d gone there...a time or two.” Zeller was blushing furiously at this admission, but it was necessary to divulge any relationship, however tenuous, with a victim.

“Why am I not surprised,” interjected Price.

“Hey, you know, that’s not nice. I don’t cast aspersions on you.”

“It’s hardly an aspersion if you’ve volunteered the information.”

“DO YOU MIND?” Crawford’s booming voice echoed throughout the room. He’d been listening outside and growing impatient. This situation was getting extremely serious not just because they had a massively escalating serial killer on their hands, but the erroneous connection the Chesapeake Ripper that the new media were making caused this investigation to be much more complicated than it needed to be. Jack was not in the mood for cars breaking down, or his team getting into overly personal territory.

When he entered the room, he focused laser-like on Will, who he noticed was in the beginning stages of falling into a reconstruction of the scene. Hannibal saw this as well.

Trying to avoid looking at the victim’s eye himself, Will said, “Tell me everything about this man’s background.”

Crawford stepped up and made an effort to soften his voice. “His name was Edgar Glass. As you can see by the melee outside, he was pretty well-liked.”

“It isn’t just that, is it?” Will easily intuited.

“No. He was the owner of a shop in Baltimore. Bondage equipment, and, uh, other things.” Jack was evidently not comfortable with getting into the specifics of this. “He held seminars, ran a social group...obviously, there could be people who would object to this, but as far as I’ve been able to ascertain, he really didn’t have any specific enemies. He was well-liked in the subculture and in the LGBT community, as an educator and an all-around nice person.”

“I think he might have trusted the wrong person.” Will could readily see how this could have all gone down. The killer would have gone to the shop, talked with the victim over a period of time, and perhaps set up a meeting. He sensed that this began with hope, end ended in terror.

“Has anyone been to the shop and checked any security footage?”

Jack said, “They’re there now. It’ll take a while, but I’m guessing this guy is good enough to know to avoid them.”

Will pressed backed up against a nearby wall, and put his hands behind his back, a gesture that Hannibal arched an eyebrow at. He knew that Will was identifying with this man, who was likely quite submissive.

This didn’t register on Jack’s radar though, and he asked, “Will, tell me what happened here.”

“It’s the same, the same as all the others.”

“How did the killer manage to get this man to trust him?”

“I think he pretended to be...the sort of man he knew the victim would be interested in. In a way, there were things that were already in place. This killer is very, very dominant. Strong,

maybe older, but in shape, fit. A powerful personality. Educated, professional. Charismatic.”

“Sounds almost like you’re describing Doctor Lecter,” quipped Zeller, whose honest attempts at breaking tension often increased it.

This hit a little too close to home for Will, and he took a menacing step towards him. Zeller stepped back and put his hands up in apology. Katz took him by the arm and practically yanked him out of the room. Crawford and Price followed, so Will could gather his thoughts and reconstruct the scene properly. After they were out of sight, he sank to the floor and covered his hands. Hannibal bent his knee and put his hand on his shoulder.

“Will. I imagine that was not the type of joke that you particularly wanted to hear.”

This forced a laugh out of him, and he said, “It’s hardly a joke. He’s totally right. This might be the worst one yet, for my stability, anyway. This man and I...this victim...clearly, we’re dissimilar in many ways, but below the surface...” He trailed off, becoming lost again.

“Tell me, Will. How are you alike”?

“It does have a lot to do with you, you know,” Will said, his voice becoming increasingly dream-like. “You’re very dominant, and I’m....well. I’m not. I like it when you take control,” he said in a small, quiet voice.

“I think it’s time to get you away. I’ll take you home, and have your car towed to a garage nearby. You had planned on spending the night anyway, I believe. You’ll just have to be there a little ahead of schedule. I’ll give you a mild sedative, and you can awake to dinner.”

Will nodded, and permitted himself to be helped to his feet.

Fortunately, Hannibal’s car was safely behind the police cordon, so there was no need to deal with angry and scared neighbors, the victim’s friends, or even Ms. Lounds.

However, one member of the crowd, close to the edge of it, was paying precise attention to how the tall, strong man supported the darker haired one. Noted how he spoke into his ear, and helped him into his car.

One inside, Will sat stiffly as he was strapped into his seatbelt. He tensed up even more as his leg was brushed as the buckle clicked into place. He sat that way until they were safely outside the barrier, and directed though an alleyway that that police had kept the exit clear for the purpose of departing investigators.

Finally, he exhaled, leaned back, and closed his eyes.

“Hannibal, I can’t stop. Can’t stop thinking...”

“What can you not stop thinking about, Will?”

“That man. The victim. Glass. He was expecting a very different outcome from the one he experienced.”

“What was he expecting?”

Will bit his bottom lip. He was beginning to dissociate again, but this time it was different. Even though his background could not have been different than the victim's, he was beginning to realize how much he truly understood his motivations.

“He was...he believed that he was going to meet with a new friend. He went to that place willingly. He got out to check the address on the door, which was hard to see from his car, thinking it was a mistake. The Stealer was waiting behind something, and he was hit on the back of the head. Just hard enough to knock him out. This guy really knows what he's doing, Hannibal.”

“We've established extensive medical expertise.”

“Yes. It's not just that. He knows how to manipulate people. Knows what they really want. He can feel it. He *despises* it.” Will practically spit this last sentence out. He was struggling with the identities consuming him. Relaxing again, letting the victim take a greater hold. This was so much easier, especially in light of his identification with him.

Will ran his hand over his leg, smoothing out his jeans, and resting it on his belt. He leaned his head further back, and said, trailing off, “I'm hoping...”

“‘Hoping’? For what are you hoping?”

“That I'll get what I really deserve tonight...”

Hannibal was concentrating on watching the road, but wanted to keep Will talking on the drive back to his house. He played along. “What is it that you feel you deserve?”

“To take anything you wish to give me. To feel *everything*.”

“I believe I will certainly be able to mete out what you have coming to you. Tell me what it is you need.”

Will sighed heavily, a long breath, spilling out of him with relief.

“I want so many things, need to have my hands tied behind my back. I need....I need you to *hurt me*.”

.

Back finally at Hannibal's home, Will was wavering in and out of his own consciousness and the victims'. Leading him inside, and laying him down on a chaise lounge in front of the fireplace, Hannibal went about building a fire.

Will became aware of his surroundings as the familiarity of the room, and the comforting sounds of the fire beginning to kindle brought him back to himself. Sitting at the foot of the couch, Hannibal put his hand on Will's knee.

“How are you feeling?”

“Confused and tired. But I remember everything more sharply this time. And I think I meant what I said.”

“I’m quite sure you did. And I believe it would be therapeutic to work through some of the issues that this case has brought to the forefront of your consciousness. Will, I’m going to give you something to sleep for a short time. It’s only just after one in the afternoon. Fortunately I am not scheduled to see any patients today, but I did promise you dinner in any case. There are...several things I will need to ready for later on.”

Will smiled weakly, and nodded.

Hannibal left, and returned a few minutes later with a blanket, a glass of water, and a few tablets. Will took them obediently and allowed the blanket to be arranged over him. Hannibal pulled up a chair and stroked the exhausted man’s hair until the tension left him, and he succumbed to the rest he needed.

Once he saw that Will had fallen asleep, Hannibal touched with two fingers the blanket over Will’s slowly rising and falling chest. He regarded the man with a dark curiosity. There was much to plan and make ready.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it takes me forever to update this. Working on many things at once.

Next chapter will be called "Submission." Pretty sure you can guess why.

Submission

Chapter Summary

Will has to process the events of the day, in the way that Hannibal wants him to; the murders take an unexpected turn.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The unmistakable scent of Hannibal's cooking stirs Will from his sleep. He realizes immediately that he's ravenous. He stretches, and shakes off the remaining fog of the medication he'd been given. He notices that Hannibal must have undone the top buttons on his shirt, and loosened his belt. He redresses himself, puts on his shoes; steps into the bathroom and straightens his hair as much as he can. He always wanted to make himself as presentable as he could for their dinners together, but felt he usually failed miserably.

Going towards the kitchen, Will stops in the doorway, admiring Hannibal putting the finishing touches on the meal. Sensing him there, he looks up.

"How did you sleep, Will? How do you feel?"

"I feel...rested. And starving. That smells delicious."

"Mole Poblano, with poussin – young chicken."

"You must have been cooking that all day...what time is it? How long was I out?"

"It is currently just after seven o'clock, so you've been at rest for approximately six hours."

"That's a hell of a nap."

"I did require the time. But the results, I think, you will be pleased by."

Hannibal takes two plates out into the dining room, which is already set with a dishes of rice, black beans, and a deep but fruity red zinfandel that would offset, yet compliment, the chilies in the main dish.

The Mole that Hannibal has prepared is rich and dark. Will thinks it's just about the best thing he's ever tasted; the meat simply falling apart, and the sauce...some flavors were familiar, like sesame, the unsweet Mexican chocolate, and smoky chilies. But there was something else there, that he couldn't identify. It offset the cinnamon and plantains in the recipe with a sort of earthy flavor that was exquisite.

“Do you remember much of the crime scene this morning Will?”

“Most of it. I didn’t embarrass myself too much, I hope.”

“I believe I saved you from that fate. And we did not encounter Ms. Lounds again as we were leaving.”

“Oh, god, I did forget about her. Thanks for reminding me,” he said ironically.

Hannibal couldn’t contain a smile. They continued the meal in a more cordial and easy state, having broken the tension of the day.

They finish and Will helps Hannibal clear the plates. After, they retire to the sitting room, and Hannibal begins to move towards the second aspect of what he’d arranged for the evening. The complicated dish was only part of his preparations.

“We need to talk about our conversation in the car on the way back here earlier. You expressed a desire to be given, in your words, what you deserve. Tell me, Will...what is that that you *deserve*?”

Will closed his eyes, trying to recreate his state of mind from that moment. It takes several minutes for his mind to reach that place within himself that desires to submit. It is a trait he shares with the victim, to be sure; he isn’t clear where it came from or when it began to creep into his consciousness in the first place. It *does* has something to do with his meeting Hannibal and the physical progression of their relationship.

He breathes slowly, and sinks into the place where his mind, and the victim’s, intersect. This helps block out the killer’s hatred, more so than any other state he’s been in since this wretched case began. He’s been suffused with so many alien feelings, that this one feels the most comfortable, even if it’s...perverse. He doesn’t dissociate this time; he can evenly balance the feelings of the submissive murder victim with his own.

“I...said it before. I want you to *hurt* me. I’m yours.”

“I took your rather open invitation before at your word when I arranged and planned the rest of our evening. I will fulfil this need of yours more than adequately. You must work through these feelings in a practical setting. Now. On your feet.”

Swiftly, Hannibal steps towards him, and grasps him by the back of the neck. He presses hard kisses to Will’s throat, licking him from collarbone to the underside of his chin; he knows Will becomes weak at such things. He rips Will’s shirt from where it’s tucked into his pants and rends the buttons from it, exposing his chest. He traces questing lips down Will’s chest, and sucks and bites his nipples in turn. Will rolls his head back and gasps. His torso is now completely exposed as Hannibal divests him from of his shirt.

Concealed in Hannibal’s pocket is a length of leather cord. He turns Will around, pushing him against the wall. Before Will can even react, his elbows are bent and his hands are bound together at the wrists, facing upwards.

“Keep still,” Hannibal growls at him. He’s quickly overwhelmed by how fast everything is happening. His left temple is pressed against the wall, near enough to the fireplace to feel its radiating heat, his eyes going wide and wild as he begins to fear what will happen next. His breath catches in his throat as he feels his khakis being undone, Hannibal standing behind him, pressing his own rapidly hardening erection against Will’s ass. He feels his pants and boxers being yanked roughly downwards; he’s totally exposed as he feels a leg opening his thighs apart. He’s far enough away from the wall that his ass is sticking out further than is comfortable; he’d be off balance if his face wasn’t touching the wall.

“Now, Will. As this entire exercise must be authentic in order for it to be effective, you are not to refer to me as ‘Hannibal’ for its duration. You are to call me only ‘Doctor Lecter.’ I trust this is clear?”

“Yes, Han-yes, Doctor Lecter.” This request represented a strange juxtaposition of their formal relationship with their highly intimate one. Somehow, this made Will even more excited.

“That bordered on disobedience. Perhaps some reinforcement is necessary.” He said this almost kindly; which made Will all the more taken off guard when a large hand connected with his right buttock. It stung severely, and he yelped quite embarrassingly.

“Tell me Will. What do you call me?”

“Doctor Lecter! AH!”

A quick series of blows to his ass provided reinforcement indeed. He knew better to move, even as his eyes watered. But curiously, he began to feel a sense of warmth spreading upwards to his belly, and forward to his cock. It was the sensation itself that caused it, but there was something else there – he was being brought to a strange ecstasy by both the pain and the intent of its infliction. His attention was focused much more deeply on his body than he could usually achieve. The pain was crossing over into pleasure, and back again. If he concentrated, he could hold them equally, and that is what made him hard and soon leaking.

The blows stopped. Will found himself unable to think as he feels a large forearm pressed against his throat. He doesn’t know when Hannibal had the chance to slicken his fingers, but nevertheless feels two of them being thrust hard up his exposed hole, spreading him open sooner than he can think to react.

And then Hannibal is biting the back of his neck and fucking his ass so hard with long fingers, restricting his air, controlling him completely.

“You’re mine to use, Will Graham, in any way I wish.” Will hears these words as Hannibal presses his lips to his ear, but they seem far away. But it is truth.

“Yes, Doctor Lecter,” he can only say quietly, breathlessly.

Will wants to scream out, to relent, but he can do nothing but work the muscles of his throat. Hannibal controls him totally and he succumbs to it. Has he any other choice?

Finally, it all ceases, and Will finds himself being pulled back up to a fully standing position by Hannibal, who only has to grasp him by the bindings at his hands to get him to move; resistance causes extreme discomfort at his shoulders.

Will is practically hauled upstairs. Once led to the bedroom, he's backed up to yet another wall. Hannibal loosens his tie, and takes his time removing his clothes. Will just watches blankly and tries unsuccessfully to think as Hannibal hangs up his jacket, vest, trousers; puts away his shoes. Finally he's naked, and his large cock is completely hard in Will's view.

"Well?" he asks, as if Will is supposed to anticipate what he ought to do. He can barely remember to draw breath at this point.

"What...what do you want me to do, Doctor Lecter?" He was pleased he remembered at least that much.

Hannibal looks mildly irritated, but mostly amused as he says, "Get on your knees, of course."

He finds it difficult to kneel without pitching forward with his hands tied behind him, but just manages it. He feels steadier as Hannibal takes him by the back of the head, and he knows better than to do anything other than open his mouth as wide as he can.

He hears a satisfied sigh as Hannibal's cock sinks into the back of his throat. Will knows he can be very good at this if he concentrates, and finds he has a deep wanting to please his Doctor. He gives over his conscious mind into the rhythm of his mouth being fucked; knows when he can breathe, and when he can suck and when he can just let his throat be assaulted.

Will knows he's pleased Hannibal because of the low sounds coming from him, and the way that he runs his fingers through his soft hair, almost like he's petting him. When he's used Will's throat as much as he wishes, he thrusts deep inside a few last times, and then slowly pulls out of his mouth, running his cockhead over Will's lips.

"Very good, William. I must cut these bonds around your hands, and retie them differently in order to use you in the way I require tonight."

He gets a small knife from a drawer in a bedside table. Hannibal draws him back up to his feet. Will is nervous that he can't see what's being done behind his back, and moves at an inopportune moment; Hannibal nicks his wrist. It doesn't inordinately hurt, but Will shudders as he feels Hannibal's mouth on the cut.

When he's through cutting the bonds and the small amount of bloodflow has ceased, he brings his hands in front of his body, and presses his smeared lips to Will's. Swiftly he steers him by the wrists to the bed, where he's laid down on his back. There's rope as well in the drawer that held the knife. His wrists are put over his head, tied again, and tethered to the headboard. His legs are spread wide and each tied to the footboard. Will's slightly perplexed at this, as he'd presumed Hannibal wished to use his ass to take his pleasure, as he'd opened him with fingers before. This position is not amenable to that...

He stops considering this when Hannibal uses the knife to cut away some excess rope at his hands, sliding the blade all the way down Will's body, from neck to collarbone, to his chest, ribcage, abdomen, and down to his groin. He knows he could easily be eviscerated then and there. *But he does not care*; he's Hannibal's to do with what he pleases. The knife leaves behind a shallow scratch everywhere it touched, until it reaches his thigh. The cut from Will's wrist has awakened Hannibal's bloodlust just enough to want a little bit more. He makes a small incision on Will's inner thigh, and sucks at it fiercely. Will gasps and moans, the sensation at once causing fear, vulnerability, and extreme arousal. He's so hard now, he doesn't know what to anticipate, but wants to experience more, more...

Thinking about how easily Hannibal could kill him, and accepting it, Will falls into and through the liminal places, and connects with the other man's mind. The dark figure is there, and he can see it even more clearly than ever before. *That* is what is tasting his blood, and it is delicious, sweet, and so, so hot. The ferocity of the heat merges with the surroundings, and all is fire again. He forgets to breathe. The crackling in his lungs from lack of oxygen brings him back, breaking the brief, but clear connection.

Completely unable to move, he can only watch as Hannibal balances on his knees near Will's head, upright with back straight, as he reaches down and back to stretch and open and slicken his own entrance with deft fingers. Will is submerged in lust when he realizes what's about to happen. With heavy, quick breaths, Hannibal gets two, then three fingers inside of himself, bearing down, eyes closed, before stopping this display, and straddling Will's hips.

He braces himself with one palm flat on Will's abdomen; the other hand guides Will's cock against his hole and he impales himself slowly, all the way down, the underside of his thighs touching Will's body. He stays for a moment, then begins to move.

Will can only throw his head back and breathe in short gasps.

"Fuck, your ass is so fucking tight."

Hannibal's rolling his hips now at a slow and torturous pace, one hand digging into Will's hipbone, marking it with a blossoming bruise, the other on his own cock.

Will can't buck his hips upwards like he needs to. He wants to drive himself into Hannibal, but he can only bite his lip and pull in vain on the ropes binding him. He thinks that if he ever gets the opportunity, he'll bend the other man over his kitchen counter and fuck him as hard as he wants to in this moment. He'd intoxicated by the thought; it brings him closer and closer to orgasm, picturing himself opening Hannibal's asshole with his tongue, being able to see himself stretching Hannibal as he enters him quick and hard...but he's not permitted to; at least, not now. Even though his cock is deep inside of Hannibal, he's being subjected to true submission.

His thoughts snap back to reality as he realizes Hannibal has become more erratic in riding him, his hand moving furiously up and down his erection, and he's intoning Will's name over and over again like a mantra, and Hannibal finally lets out a loud low growl, punctuated by incoherent syllables of *ah ah ah....*

And he's coming all over Will's belly and chest, shooting thick cum all the way up to his neck, and he keeps fucking himself on the impossibly hard cock, gushing forth all over the immobilized body.

Seeing this, Will loses his sense of reality as he comes deep inside Hannibal's hot embrace. It takes him so quickly, and with such ferocity, that he loses consciousness.

.

Hannibal puts Will to bed; he still has more work to do this evening. It would be best if they discussed what transpired between them, but he doubts that Will is in any state to manage that without sleep.

Once he's wiped him down with a warm towel, he unties him, and places a blanket over him as before; *an interesting symmetry to this day*, Hannibal reflects. Only then does Will begin to stir.

"More sleeping pills?" he asks as he sees those that have been placed out for him. "I'll get addicted," he says half-jokingly.

"I will see to it that you do not. These are different, anyway. A side effect of them is that you won't dream."

Will takes them, pleased to hear this. He settles down, and soon drifts away.

.

Hannibal's work tonight is unfinished. Once Will is soundly asleep, he leaves the house to complete it.

.

But Will dreams anyway, of the dark figure; there's detail he can make out of its shape that he could not in the brief moment he saw it before. He sees long black claws, and then *feels them* wrapped around his heart and holding him by the arm. Its mouth is dripping with blood. The figure brings his soaked lips to Will's and just as it's about to kiss him, he wakes up to his phone ringing.

Hannibal is stirring from his sleep as well, right beside him, as Will imagines he's been all night. Though he is wrong.

The call is from Jack. Of course. There's been another body found, but this time, as he tells him, they are certain it really is the Chesapeake Ripper's work. Will wonders if he's still dreaming. *How can this be happening?*

Hannibal's always on top of things (pun intended).

Ripper

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go to the Ripper's crime scene; Nolan Mather makes a discovery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After Will's phone rings, Hannibal gets out of bed. He knows that Crawford will be calling him next and takes advantage of the few minutes it affords him to attend the bathroom. By the time he's walking back out the door, Will is getting off of his phone and Hannibal's is ringing. He's given the same details as Will.

"Apparently we have some time before our presence is required at a slaughterhouse by the waterfront."

Will was taken slightly aback that Hannibal was more interested in the timing of the morning rather than the fact that they F.B.I. thought they had a genuine Ripper victim this time.

"Aren't you confused by all this? Hannibal, what the hell is going on?"

"I suspect it isn't particularly useful to speculate on that until we get there. And Jack Crawford told me, as I'm sure he told you, that because of the location of the body, several other agencies will not release the crime scene to them – or us – for at least another two hours."

Because the body was found in a place that dealt with the processing of food meant for consumption by humans, the FDA had to make sure the rest of the place isn't contaminated; and because it is a workplace, OSHA needed to make sure it wasn't an industrial accident. The local P.D. had also not yet secured the area, and were still conducting a search of the place's many rooms and areas to make sure the killer was not still in the building.

Crawford had figured Will was at Hannibal's, owing to his behavior yesterday, and the car trouble he experienced; of course, he wouldn't know the real reason why. Jack would be the last to unravel that mystery.

Will returns from his own trip to the bathroom to find Hannibal sprawled out, leisurely and naked, on the bed. He presses his hand to the space in front of the full length of his outstretched form.

"We seem to have an excess of time."

Though he finds it difficult to change mental gears quite so fast, Will wasn't about to do anything but comply with this invitation. He was still a bit tired when he slipped back into bed, facing away from the other man, both laying on their sides. He began to relax and stop worrying about the impending horror of the day when Hannibal put a hand on his hip, and pressed his lips to the back of his neck, eliciting a long sigh.

"I meant what I said to you last night, Will. You're mine to use however and whenever I wish." At these words, and at the sensation of one slickened finger beginning to lowly tease at his entrance, Will let out a drawn-out moan of intense pleasure. *His*, he thought. *I'm his*. *Yes*.

"Yours, god yes."

Hannibal growled softly and pressed his teeth lightly into his neck. Will felt his cock growing hard. He wanted to be marked in this way; knowing his flesh was between Hannibal's teeth made him feel owned all the more.

"Tell me what you were thinking last night when I was using your cock to pleasure myself."

The memory of both the act, and what he was fantasizing about cause Will to groan. But he did not dare tell Hannibal what he was considering: "I...can't...I can't tell you."

Administering a sharper bite to his neck, Hannibal says sternly, "You can, and you will."

Haltingly, feeling his whole body flush with embarrassed heat, Will describes what was going through his mind.

"I thought of taking you. More actively...I wanted to put you over a counter, and..."

Moving his hand to Will's now aching cock, Hannibal says, "Oh yes? Please continue."

"I...ah, oh fuck...I wanted to...I saw myself...stroking your ass open with my tongue, and them...mmm, god...fuck, Hannibal, fuck, I wanted to fuck you so fucking hard..."

At that admission, Will felt the head of Hannibal's cock breach his ass.

Almost teasingly, Hannibal coos, "Just like this?"

"Yesss, fuck..."

"If I wish you to take me in this way, William, I shall surely let you know. Should I desire it, I will allow it. It sounds intriguing..."

With that, he buried his cock into Will's ass, slowly pushing in to the hilt. Will thought he was on fire, it was so hot and hard and good...

This was all so leisurely. Hannibal was stroking his cock in time with his languid, long, deep thrusts. All Will could focus on was his breathing, the hand wrapped tightly around him, and the gradually increasing tempo of Hannibal's cock, stretching and filling him. The rhythm

changed imperceptibly, punctuated by a *slap* of flesh against his own now. He was rapidly being brought to orgasm.

As he inched closer to and over the edge of his release, he slipped out of the present as he'd done so many times before. Time expanded, and the moment seemed to last longer than it really could have. Instead of a slight pressure at his neck, he felt as if long, pointed teeth had sunk their way several inches into his skin; and instead of a warm, firm hand wrapped around his straining cock, he felt claws.

But he was soon shaken out of this mirage when Hannibal rocked into him ever harder, coming deep inside of him, and hissing into his ear: "Mine, Will Graham...you are mine..."

.....

As it happens, they may have taken the whole afternoon before bothering to get to the crime scene. After a quick breakfast and an even quicker shower, they arrived when Crawford believed they'd be let in; but they were only allowed a hundred feet inside the police line at first. Far enough away from the press, but neither man was particularly patient at having been told to wait.

Finally, they're waved all the way through. As they get close to the building, the number of people milling about has diminished. Once the other agencies have departed, there's a severe limit to the number of people that have been permitted to have access. The local police are strictly banned; there's been so many leaks to the press and the local television news stations about the Stealer cases that Jack wants to take no chances with this one; he's certain it's the Ripper.

The Agent-in-Charge mistakenly believes that media coverage alone has gotten the Ripper to remind everyone that he's still around.

Even to an amateur, it would be completely clear that the victims in all the recent deaths did not share a killer with this one. Other than the dissimilar location, it appeared that much of this man's blood had been taken via exsanguination; there wasn't a great deal spilled on the floor, despite the obvious organ and flesh removal. He was face-down on a stainless steel butcher's table. The usually jocular investigative team were dead quiet; this was a very bad turn of events.

Lecter and Graham, in their relatively new partnership as investigative consultants, took in the scene together in silence for several minutes.

Hannibal was the first to speak. "Do you know what was removed from him?"

Crawford answered, "The thymus, the pancreas, and some flesh from the spine area that would, if this were a deer or other food animal, be known as the loin and the sirloin."

Will said, "Even I know that's the sort of things you'd take if you were planning on eating them."

Crawford scowled. “I’m beginning to wonder if the Ripper was doing that all along. We’d always considered his organ removal to be indicative of the taking of surgical trophies. I’d hate to think this is a completely different killer.”

“I don’t think so,” said Will. “The *disrespect* feels very much the same.”

The victim was butchered like an animal. *Slaughtered* like one. But there was something else too; the investigators, and Hannibal, grew quiet as Will saw the scene tinged now with golden light. He was having more difficulty seeing this killer than any other he’d been touched by. He stayed in contemplation for several minutes before essentially giving up, but drawing a few important – and ultimately correct – conclusions.

“This wasn’t a simple declaration of existence to the media. Or a fulfillment of desire, or an escalation. This is a personal message to the other killer. ‘I’m better than you.’ Something like that. It’s actually very difficult for me, this one. The motives are...obscured. But surely the Stealer will see this on the news. This one, he’s counting on it.”

“I do not suppose there is anything that can be done about that,” asked Hannibal of Crawford, who shook his head.

“I’m certain the details will not get out. Not this time. But a murder will be reported on the news, and once the family has been notified, his name and other details will be easy for them to track down.”

“Have they?” Will asked. “Been notified, I mean. I guess I should first ask if we know who he is. Was.” Will was having trouble getting back to reality again, even more so since he couldn’t connect with the killer in the reconstruction.

“They have been. His I.D. was on him, so it’s evident the killer wasn’t trying to his victim’s identity. His name was Maroni, he was the proprietor of a European imports food shop downtown. From the little I’ve gathered, he wasn’t the most pleasant man to deal with.”

“Maroni’s?” asked Hannibal. “I’ve been there frequently.”

He walked over to the man’s head, and looked at his face, lying on its cheek.

“That is definitely him. I was just there recently.”

“Did you know him personally? That could affect the investigation.”

“I was not on a first name basis with him.”

“That shouldn’t really matter then,” Crawford said, somewhat relieved.

Will had no capacity to put his finger on it, but something in Hannibal’s tone of voice set his teeth on edge. But the moment was fleeting. And he was distracted from it by his phone vibrating in his pocket; it was a message from the repair shop letting him know that his car had died at such an inopportune moment because of a bad alternator which they’d replaced. They left to retrieve it.

After the events of the morning, Will had difficulty putting his thoughts into words for some time.

.

After Crawford had escorted Graham and the Doctor back to his vehicle, and walked alongside them to get the police to move the barricade, a constant thorn in his side reemerged to skewer him.

“Agent Crawford,” Freddie Lounds said cordially, as if they were friends. It made Jack’s flesh crawl a little, even more so than the crime scene.

“Ms. Lounds. I’m not going to hesitate to have you removed.”

“I’m behind the line. Besides, I thought you’d be a little more grateful to the only reporter not spreading falsehoods about this case.” She feigned a convincing look of being wounded.

Jack admits to himself that he has to grudgingly accept this. “While you’re the only one who isn’t being absurd in the media, I can’t extend you any special courtesies.”

“Can I quote you on that?”

Jack only looked at her. She cleared her throat and hazarded to ask, “Is the other killer being called ‘The Stealer’?”

“I can neither confirm nor deny this.”

“That’s good enough for me. Thanks.”

With that, she turned away, seemingly satisfied, and walked away. Jack could only shake his head; he reflected he was doing that a lot lately. As Crawford believes the media mistaking the killers for one another is what brought the Ripper out, he’s less negatively disposed towards the annoying woman than usual.

.

Nolan Mather was ending his evening in the way he usually did – by re-watching the tapes he’d surreptitiously made of those he’d killed. He thought of it as reviewing the evidence, constantly reassuring himself that he’d made the right decision in taking their lives. At least, that’s what he told himself on a conscious level. His body often betrayed him, however, and he frequently had to employ methods of self-control other than the customary chastity device.

Tonight, reviewing the activities of both a planned victim, and the last one, the sex-shop owner, he’d had to use the Kali’s teeth.

In a way, it was a last resort, since at some level, he had to admit that it was to prevent himself from becoming sexually excited. But the medieval-looking thing made getting an erection uncomfortable at best, and potentially damaging at worst. Designed to keep early 20th-century boys from self-abuse, it had a series of barbs which discouraged arousal by

means of pain. It was still possible to *be* aroused while wearing it, but Nolan liked the idea of being instantaneously punished should his body revolt.

After a measure of success, he noted that it was near time to watch the 11 o'clock news, another nightly ritual, which sometimes afforded him ideas for new targets, and coverage of those who he'd already taken care of.

There was a murder being reported as the work of the Chesapeake Ripper, but that was nothing new these days; after all, they mistook the Ripper's victims for his with an alarming frequency that made him lose even more faith in the media.

But tonight was different. It appeared that the Ripper had indeed struck again. *Trying to prove he's still around*, Nolan thought derisively. But when he heard the name of the man who'd been killed, Nolan was so surprised, he almost fell out of his chair. It was Maroni, the food shop proprietor, who he'd seen be rude to Dr. Lecter. With a crushing suddenness, Nolan finally understood the deep, dark anger that Lecter exuded that night. Hannibal Lecter was the Chesapeake Ripper. It all made sense, what with his surgical background and deviant behavior.

Nolan began to laugh uncontrollably at the delicious irony of it all. He wondered if his little fuckboy, Will Graham knew, but he didn't think so. He was the only one who knew, and he felt that gave him so much power, he scarcely knew what to do with himself. But a plan came to him in a flash. His next target was a woman who he knew to be what they called a sex addict these days, but Nolan knew better than to ascribe a genuine illness to someone who was simply a slut. He would kill her and place her far enough away that when they went to investigate the crime, they'd have to stay overnight at a hotel. He couldn't think of a way to tape Graham and Lecter in Baltimore, but a hotel would be easy. He'd done it many times.

Once he'd drawn them out, he'd tape them and get the evidence he still needed to justifiably dispatch them. After they were removed from society, as they should be, he'd send the tape to the F.B.I., along with anything he could find to link Lecter to the Ripper cases. *They'd see he was doing God's work then.*

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who is sticking with this story! Pretty sure it will wind up at 13 chapters. Chapter 10 will be sadly pornless, but I think it will be worth it when I get to 11. Been waiting to write that one since I started this...

Here's a [picture](#) of the device mentioned at the end of the chapter.

Those versed in Hannibal canon may note that the description of what the Ripper took from the victim described above is basically taken directly from chapter 58 of Harris' *Hannibal*.

Addict

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal go out to Ohio to examine the crime scene of the Stealer's newest victim, a woman being treated for sex addiction. But Will realizes things may be more complicated than they first appear.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will has a week off from teaching classes due to scheduled holidays. He takes the time to consider a few things about his life.

First to think about is the newest victim of the Chesapeake Ripper. Before, when it first happened, there was a great deal of confusion in his mind about the relationship between the Ripper and the Stealer, if you could call it that. Jack was completely wrong about the victim being a message to let the public know that he was still around, or even to precisely communicate to the other killer; there was something more, which increasingly worried Will, which he couldn't read. Something that involved himself and even Hannibal, and the fact that he couldn't see what it was concerned him and kept him up at night.

And second, there was Hannibal himself. He had everything to do with all parts of Will's consciousness now. He wondered if this nagging feeling was just further proof of how much his mind had been infiltrated by his "friend." That, he thought, was a funny word for what they were to each other. If their *thing* were to continue, it would have to come out eventually. And there was no question that it would continue; he felt thoroughly snared.

When he *was* able to sleep, he always dreamed of Hannibal. The first few nights were vague and the dreams' details were not in the front of his mind. But as time passed, they became clearer, leading up to the dream from the previous night which he could recollect with perfect clarity. It had begun quite pleasantly, as he dreamt he was sitting completely unclothed on Hannibal's lap, who was dressed as impeccably as he always was. If he thought about it, he could still feel the sensation, that seemed so real at the time, of a large and powerful hand wrapped around his achingly hard cock, as Hannibal, in the dream, was expertly masturbating him, the other hand holding him close. He could still feel his mouth on his neck, and could hear him whispering beautiful, obscene words into his ear. But then it changed; he felt the teeth at his skin grow long and sink into him, and one hand around him, which had been softly stroking his chest, grew long claws, which pierced through flesh and bone to squeeze his heart. The grasp was impossibly hot, a fire which burned without annihilating him, however; eternal consumption that had no end.

He woke up with a horrified start, but was so close to release, that he couldn't help but roughly bring himself to a shuddering orgasm, sobbing as he came.

And that was the other aspect to the whole situation that he couldn't ignore. The more he brushed against the essence of Hannibal's being, the more he saw there was a depth that he *wasn't* seeing. Further, he knew the time was rapidly approaching that he would see it, and that it would both terrify him and keep him from running. This was more than just a pedestrian fear of commitment or even a fear of love; he knew he was already owned, and there was no turning back, no matter what the revelation.

Hannibal had not contacted him for five days. Normal relationship jitters would accompany a feeling of worry that perhaps Hannibal had lost interest in him, but Will knew that it wasn't that; he was just letting him think and work things out. He hadn't called Hannibal either. And Jack hadn't called, letting him de-escalate his ramped-up emotions. But it also meant there had been no new developments and no new victims.

He had one call from Beverly, who was kind enough to check on him. He hadn't gone into much detail about his inner turmoil. But she had let him know that everyone was incredibly confused, and when he was ready to offer insight, it would help cut the tension that had arisen at the BAU. After his short break, he felt prepared to go back. He thought it best to just show up unannounced.

.

The scene that met him at the lab, and in the offices Jack and he himself used, wasn't one of quiet consternation that Beverly had alluded to; he was surprised to see everyone rushing around. When he knocked on Crawford's door, the man looked at him as if he'd seen a ghost.

"How did you find out so fast? I was literally just about to pick up the phone to call you. Who told you? I thought this place was on information lockdown, damn it."

"Jack, I don't have a clue what you're talking about. I decided to pay you a surprise visit. What is going on here?"

Jack grimaced at him and said, "Well, Will Graham, you must add 'psychic' to your list of unusual talents. There's been another body discovered."

Will's face went white. "Dare I ask, Ripper or Stealer?"

"Definitely Stealer. Far outside of the Ripper's hunting grounds. And in an abandoned clinic. Textbook. The place was outside the dragnet and wasn't being watched."

"How far?"

"About a half an hour south of Columbus, OH. I've got us on a flight in two hours, and Dr. Lecter will join us, he's already on his way. I hope you have some overnight stuff stashed away here. And before you ask, I've got a few students to look in on your dogs."

“You seem to have thought of everything. And yes, I have a bag in my car.” He kept it there should a spontaneous overnight arise at Hannibal’s, but obviously Jack didn’t need to find out about them here and now.

“Great. Let’s go.”

.

A black SUV drove Will, Crawford, Zeller, Price and Katz to the airport to hop a plane to Columbus. It was a short flight, and Will desperately tried not to nod off, as he feared what might happen if he slipped into a vivid dream.

When they landed, Will saw that he had a text message from Hannibal. It read:

I have booked us a hotel room at the Hilton. The only passably acceptable hotel in this small area. Make your excuses and find your way there. I booked my own flight and will be waiting for you; I did not wish to travel with the rest of the investigative team, as I believe you and I have some things to discuss.

Jack thought it odd that Will wanted to make his own way to the crime scene, but accepted the explanation that he wanted to gather himself a little before going there. The way he’d been acting lately, this request was in itself not strange.

.

When Will arrived in his rented car at the hotel, Hannibal is waiting for him in the lobby. He feels like he’s rather disheveled after the flight, but the other man looks pristine as always, as if he hadn’t been on a plane at all. Though Will reflected it was probably first class, and not business class, which was barely better than coach, which the F.B.I. paid for.

“You look tired,” he said, genuine concern in his eyes, as they headed off to the elevator. “Have you been sleeping?”

“Not very much. I’ve been having...unusual dreams.”

“And this is the reason behind your extended absence from both the BAU, and contact from me?” Coming from anyone else, such a comment might have resonated with insecurity, but with Hannibal it was more a statement of fact.

“In a way. I’ve just needed some time to think. About the cases. And about you. Us. And it has been plaguing my sleep.” Will took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. But the elevator stopped, and he had to shift back into the present before he thought about his dreams too much.

Hannibal lets them into the room, and it’s clearly one of the best appointed ones in the entire hotel. There’s a spacious bathroom off the main suite of rooms. Even a fireplace. If this wasn’t a trip to investigate a murder, Will would have imagined it to be a weekend romantic getaway of some kind. Though Columbus would be an unusual destination to select.

“How long, do you think, before Jack Crawford grows impatient at your absence?”

“I told him I’d be there in an hour from now, and it’s a half-hour away. So we can’t stay here long.”

“Long enough to have a conversation.”

Will nodded. “I’m sure you know I haven’t been avoiding you. It’s just that...I see things and feel things when we’re together, Hannibal. Things that aren’t there. And they’re getting into my dreams. I see them more clearly every day and I feel like I’m losing touch with reality.”

“What things?”

“It’s difficult to put into words. It’s as if you’re made of fire. There’s a figure that embodies it. It touches me, with claws, and teeth, and it burns. But I’m not killed by it, it just... consumes. Endlessly.”

“Will. I believe you are seeing an allegory of our true natures. I imagine you at times like water. You absorb all impressions around you, and sometimes allow it to contaminate you. But fire is cleansing.”

“If I am filled up by you, it might burn out the things that pollute me but...it might burn me out too.”

“Is that what you fear?”

“I suppose. But if that’s my choice, I choose you. There’s no question.”

Hannibal smiled and tilted his head. This was the conclusion, the victory, he had been guiding Will towards. Being there to help him get the invading personalities out of his head had committed him now. And Hannibal now saw it was fully realized.

“When we go to the crime scene shortly, remember this Will. I am going to sear the things out of you that do not have a place in your exceptional mind. Trust to this.”

“Okay,” Will said in a voice so small, he could barely believe it came from him.

.....

Nolan Mather watched the elevator carefully. *The 13th floor. Fitting.* He went up via the stairwell, concealed himself on the landing, and heard the men leave the room. Then he used the keycard code hacking device he’d used many times before. It didn’t take long to plant three cameras, trained on the bed from various angles in a lamp, the overhead light, and a clock, before making his exit to go check on how the investigation was going at the old clinic. He chose it because it was across the street and up a small ridge from a bus station, and no one would suspect a man sitting in his car, watching, presumably for an arriving passenger.

.....

When Lecter and Graham arrived, they were pleased to see that there was practically no media crowding the perimeter, which was also much smaller than normal; the local police

didn't want to impede access to the nearby bus depot if it wasn't strictly necessary.

When they went inside, the somber tone gave away what they were about to encounter. The small exam room in the disused, filthy, and dark medical clinic was covered in blood. Other than the red stripes painted over every surface, it looked as if it hadn't been touched in at least 30 years. Ancient, huge, brown metal X-Ray machines now glistened in the investigator's spotlights, wet with arterial spray. Pastel-hued inspirational posters, hung in cheap frames, dripped with exsanguination; rotting plastic flowers were painted a garish new shade of crimson.

And the body was defiled more than any other victim this far. Not only was her heart removed in the usual careful way, but the words "SLUT" and "WHORE" were carved all over her body. There was a metal rod, perhaps a piece of rebar, driven through her liver, most likely pre-mortem. It appeared to be an intense escalation of anger.

"Do we know what happened? How she ended up here?" Will asked in a breaking voice.

"We got a little break with this one," Jack said. "Family reported her missing, and it was her unfortunate known tendency to meet people near the bus station. This is one of the first places they looked. And one of the cops was following the story on Tattlecrime.com, and knew exactly who to call."

Katz spoke up, hesitant to burden Will with the knowledge she'd gained. "This woman was being treated for sex addiction. Her family knew she might have relapsed when she vanished two days ago. She'd meet people on Craigslist and sometimes pick them up at the station."

"I see," said Hannibal, never taking his eyes off of Will, who was starting to perspire. He wasn't really dissociating this time, but began to see where his personality sort of overlapped with hers, somewhat similarly as it did with the sex shop owner. He was questioning what could have led her down this desperate path, and it was all too obvious.

She was getting on in years, still pretty, but getting close to showing her age, which he estimated to be near fifty. Years ago, she'd sought self-worth in relationships, a string of them, some of which she'd ended in search of something better. But that something never came. And it turned into an obsession, and then an addiction. When the local bar crowd tired of using her, she'd turned to meeting men online for anonymous sex. Maybe she'd even taken some of them here, but there was a rather unpleasant looking motel close by. Her family had finally convinced her to seek therapy. But she's had a setback, maybe running into an old flame, and fell back into her negative pattern. One too many times.

Will wondered if that's how he'd turn out if his relationship with Hannibal were to be severed. Would he frantically search for a substitute he would never find? A fix for his own addiction? But at the same time he felt that their relationship couldn't be defined in terms of being an addict. He might even be something worse.

As he was thinking this, he realized that everyone had gone very quiet. He'd actually avoided breaking down, even as his thoughts raced. Perhaps he was coming to a kind of acceptance. And also a realization.

“Jack, why do you think this whole awful display was set up for us so far from home?”

Crawford asked, “What makes you think it’s for us?”

“It’s overkill. There’s an escalation, yes, but it’s too theatrical. Even for the Stealer. He’s lured us, Jack. Far from home territory. This is him flushing us out.”

“I’ll make sure to get full police protection for us and you, and everywhere we might go.”

Will thinks this might be entirely inadequate, but doesn’t say so. He’s unable to explain why; it’s just a feeling. The killer won’t attack them out in the open. There’s an indefinable sense of unease that something very bad is about to happen.

“It’s getting late,” Crawford sighs. “We’ll meet back here in the morning.”

.

In the car driving away, Will asks of Hannibal, “We’re not even hiding anything anymore, are we? I’m confused why Jack didn’t question why we went away together. Or where I’m staying. He must know I’m staying with you if he knows where to post cops.”

“Jack doesn’t think about things in this way, Will. I’m sure he firmly believes that I am here to help you contend with the emotional trauma of the investigation.”

Will snorted a derisive laugh. Hannibal was probably right, but he found it ridiculous nevertheless. Surely Beverly Katz was fully aware of the true reality of the situation, but she wouldn’t say anything unless it was needed. And Will was sure that Price and Zeller were snickering about it to themselves when the situation wasn’t so grim as the scene they’d encountered. Will found it ironic that the horror of their work kept people away from idle gossip.

“Hannibal, getting back to what we were discussing before...I was thinking that there may have been an inauthenticity to what I’ve been feeling. That it was just residual effects of the victims’ minds. But I’ve been away long enough now, and dissociated less and less with each victim, so I now know that the feelings are my own.”

“What do you feel about this latest victim?”

“I was thinking about being a sex addict, oddly enough.”

Hannibal raised an inquisitive eyebrow. “Do you think you are?”

“No, not generally. But I may be addicted to you in a way. That doesn’t begin to explain it though. You put it best earlier – I need to you burn out the intruding personalities. It’s the only way I can keep doing this.”

“Including tonight?” Hannibal asked with a slightly darker tone.

“Especially tonight,” Will said, restless longing apparent in his voice.

.....

The expected guards were posted at the Hilton. Hotel management seemed both put out and genuinely terrified that this case, which had made its way into the late newspapers and the evening news, had infected their little world.

By the time Will got Hannibal safely behind the closed door, and had a hand around his waist, he was beyond relieved when the taller, stronger man practically flung him against the nearest available wall, kissing him unyieldingly.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be called Addiction. And I've been waiting to write that one this whole time.

Addiction

Chapter Summary

Finally alone, Will's addiction to Hannibal can be indulged.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will was surprised at the ferocity of his own fierce, longing advance upon Hannibal, but it did reflect both his identification with the sex addict victim, as well as his own growing realization that underlying all of that, he desired Hannibal more than anything in the world, just on his own. It was the victims that brought it to light, but it was always there.

In between fast yet deep kisses, Will managed to gasp out: "I want you now, Hannibal, I need you to fuck me so much, I can't breathe."

Hannibal, in between sliding the flat of his tongue up Will's collarbone to his ear, breathed, "I am going to do so much more than fuck you William. Do not even think for a moment I don't know *precisely* what you need."

Will felt his legs give way at these words, because he knew exactly how correct they were. But he was caught.

There was no denying Hannibal's intensity, as he grasped Will's jaw and shoulder, pulling him in as close as possible without actually merging into him. They were both already steel-hard, and Will could feel Hannibal's erection pressing into this hip. He opened his mouth and let the onslaught carry him out of his mind, focusing only on Hannibal's lips, his tongue, touching his own with electric fire.

Hannibal was slowly guiding the both of them closer to a large tufted chair in the lavish room, near the fireplace, never ceasing the contact that joined them. Once close to it, he broke the kiss and looking straight into Will's eyes, said darkly, "On your knees."

By the time Will dropped as he'd been commanded, Hannibal already had his trousers open. He softly, gently, stroked Will's hair as he revealed his throbbing cock, before tightening his grip so imperceptibly, that Will didn't even feel the pain of it until Hannibal had pushed himself deep into Will's throat, easing himself in and out leisurely, as he shed his jacket.

While he enjoyed the eager sucking noises that came from below, he activated the remote controlled fire; he looked down at Will, whose face was now lit on one side by the orange light, his other in darkness. His eyes were closed, fixed on easing the hard length slowly in and out of his mouth, a beatific expression on his face. Hannibal took his time loosening his tie, unbuttoning his waistcoat and shirt cuffs; piece by piece, his clothing was placed neatly

on the chair. When he removed his shirt, Will looked up at him, and saw the fire reflected, blazing, in Hannibal's eyes. The fire that would devour him, which he would ecstatically allow.

He understood he was to help Hannibal out of the rest of his clothes and shoes, which he did in one smooth motion. Then he rose up, and had the unfamiliar experience of standing clothed before Hannibal who was wearing nothing now. After more desperate kisses, Hannibal began to undress him, slowly at first, but then ripping the rest of his shirt open, sending buttons flying. He helped him out of his jeans, and then they were both there, nothing between them, locked together once again. Will ran his hands up and down Hannibal's back, marveling at its perfect and defined musculature, while Hannibal caressed the back of his neck. Will turned on one foot, and unbalanced the other man, pulling him on top of him, both falling onto the bed. He couldn't wait another second to feel his weight pressing down on his entire body.

As they lay there devouring each other, Hannibal gradually shifted Will's arms so that they were each hooked under his knees. He barely registered that he was being shifted to spread his legs and expose himself completely, so that when he was finally tipped back with the weight centered on his upper back, he was genuinely surprised to find himself in such a vulnerable position. Hannibal pulled back, slowly running the flat of his palm from Will's neck, down his chest and abdomen, over the crest of his hips, and around to the backs of his thighs.

When Hannibal bowed his head to run a stiff and hot tongue from Will's cock down to his hole, Will felt as if he was being worshiped by a god.

Soft then hard, smooth and questing, but always so wet, he felt Hannibal sucking at his opening, and he relaxed into it instantly, pressing into the onslaught as he felt him flicking around the inside of his ass. He moaned, mouth open and uncontrolled, arching his head back, breath hitching in his lungs. Being in such a receptive mental state already and now being practically forced to endure this overload of sensation, Will's consciousness centered only on the mouth and lips making him feel so good, better than anything he had ever before experienced. Time stilled, until he felt a long, slickened finger sliding all the way into him to its furthest extent, alongside the tongue now working his perineum.

He found he was able to rock into it slightly, so that he felt as if he was fucking himself just as much as he was being fucked. Then Hannibal stopped, and put his tongue back to use darting in and out of Will's more stretched and relaxed asshole, more easily penetrating it this time. Will was white-knuckled, grasping his knees as hard as he could, pushing down into Hannibal's tongue, what he was doing to him at once both divine and profane. He was so much more sensitized this time, and it was impossible not to groan loudly and unreservedly. Hannibal once again pushed into his ass with two fingers, thrusting harder and upwards, gently but persistently stroking Will's prostate. He felt as if he was being tortured with pleasure. Heat and pressure gathered in his abdomen.

"It's so good...I can't...I can't last, oh god Hannibal, I'm gonna cum..."

Instead of slowing, Hannibal went faster, mouthing and licking more insistently, and Will could just hear him saying, "Yes, let me see you...."

It was too much, and he felt himself lose control. The angle of his body was such that the thick cum that shot out of him in such abundance soon covered his upper chest and neck. Hannibal watched transfixed as each thrust of his fingers brought more and more. When Will had finally exhausted himself, Hannibal pulled out and eased Will's legs back down. He inched his way up Will's body, tasting the sweat on his skin, until reaching his soaked torso. He hungrily licked the cooling, sticky mess from Will's nipple, cleaning him entirely up to his neck. He pinned him down by his forearms, and kissed him deeply, even as he was still trying to catch his breath. Will could taste himself in Hannibal's mouth, and pressed his groin up to meet the other man's straining erection.

When Hannibal let him go, he pulled him down to keep him from breaking the kiss. They rolled to their sides, still writhing together, and Will brought himself up on top of Hannibal, who was now prone. When he regained his strength, he pushed himself up to straddle Hannibal's thighs. He was still half-hard, and aligned his cock against the underside of Hannibal's, so massive and smooth, who wrapped one hand around the both of them. He arched his back and rolled his hips as Hannibal thrust upwards, rhythmically, in time with his strokes.

Hannibal was coming undone himself, biting his lower lip and masturbating both of them until Will was fully hard once again, and he was about to explode. Watching him, Will couldn't believe how the lust burned in the other man. There was lubricant on the side table within his reach, and he took it and poured it over the both of them, as Hannibal moved his hand even faster now.

"Will," he said in a throaty voice, "up." He guided Will's hips up with both hands now, and Will positioned the head of Hannibal's cock against his entrance. Using one hand for balance against his waist, he let the head stretch him over and over, before finally sinking all the way down, pausing as he got accustomed to the feeling of being so filled. He rose up again, feeling every inch of Hannibal's thick cock sliding out of his ass. Hannibal gasped as Will squeezed him while he was ascending, and groaned sharply as he impaled himself back down again, forcefully. He rocked up and down this way, faster, the backs of his thighs slapping against Hannibal's skin. He was holding Will's waist, guiding him, watching his face as he fucked him harder and harder, eyes closed and face twisted in ecstasy. Will was in another place, and Hannibal wanted to keep him there forever. But soon, he felt his own release swiftly rising, and bucked his hips upwards harder, driving into Will's tight hole.

"Mmmm, yes, Will, so good, so perfect, don't stop..."

With a loud, drawn out "aaaahhhh," he came, hard, pulling Will down and keeping him there as his cock pulsed and Will ground down upon him as hard as he could.

No attention had been paid to Will's cock, now hard again as ever it was before, and as soon as Hannibal came down from his shattering orgasm, he pulled Will off of him, sat up, and pulled him into his lap. He kissed the back of his neck, and ran his teeth over it, feeling the deep shudder that ran through Will's entire body. He positioned his mouth directly over his ear, and as he reached around to stroke him, whispered obscenities.

"You did so well just now. Do you like me filling you so completely? I can feel my cum leaking from you. Maybe the next night you share my bed, I'll use your tight ass in the

morning, then put a plug inside of you. Would you like it if I came to your classroom later that day, and locked the door behind me...I'll bend you over a desk and check to see you're still wet. And I'll fill you again."

Will's cock was leaking at these words. Briefly, he wondered what had become of himself. His addiction to Hannibal had taken over his existence; he would be more than willing to allow himself to be fucked in his classroom, despite – or even because of – the inherent risks. He would never deny Hannibal anything. He moaned and pressed back onto Hannibal's body, feeling his cock hardening again against his ass, managing only to hiss out "yes, oh god, please," as Hannibal stroked him more firmly.

When he felt one hand on his chest, he flashed into the recollection of his recent dream, of Hannibal's fingers turning into claws. He understood the meaning of it now – he was to have the fear and uncertainty that lurked in his heart seared out and replaced with his obsessive dependence on his lover. It would change him, irrevocably. It already had. He was ready for whatever burned in the darkness of Hannibal's mind that he still could not fully discern.

Hannibal's words brought him back to the situation at hand: "I'm not finished with you, Will. Are you ready for my cock to stretch you again? I truly hope you are, but I'll take you nonetheless, my sweet little fucktoy."

On hearing this, and feeling Hannibal nip at his skin, Will came again, less spurting out of him this time, but the orgasm lasting even longer.

After he'd rode it out, Hannibal brought his drenched fingers to Will's lips, and thrust them into his mouth, saying, "Lick them clean like a good boy."

Even though Will has just come again for the second time that evening, Hannibal knew how to keep the fiery desire burning in the pit of his stomach. Everything he'd done and said to him bordered on the degrading, and he absorbed it all.

When Hannibal's fingers were clean, he threw Will forward, off his lap, and had him on his hands and knees before he could even think.

Ensuring that Will was still properly stretched and dripping wet, Hannibal gripped both of Will's hips and sank his cock all the way in with one stroke. It knocked the air out of Will's lungs, and he grasped the sheets tightly, bracing his knees. He focused only on the feeling of Hannibal filling him, sliding past his prostate, and thrusting hard. Hannibal was digging his fingernails into Will's flesh, holding him in place. He concentrated, letting his orgasm build as slowly as possible, enjoying the scene of his cock entering Will again and again. His reverie was interrupted by Will beseeching him, who seemed to know exactly what he was thinking about:

"Hannibal, please, I need to see. Please let me see."

He slowed down, and caught his breath as he pulled inch by slick inch out of Will, who collapsed to his stomach. After one, then two heartbeats, he turned over, and backed himself against the headboard, shoulder blades planted firmly on the unyielding surface. He put his legs up on Hannibal's shoulders. If he craned his head as far as possible, he could just see as

Hannibal teased at his abused, wet hole with his engorged cockhead. Hannibal kept his gaze locked on Will's face as he saw himself getting fucked for the first time. He was working his bottom lip with his teeth, watching as more and more of Hannibal disappeared into him.

"Oh god, Hannibal...it's..." he trailed off at a total loss for words.

"It's beautiful, William. How you stretch around me and take all I can give."

Hannibal methodically drove himself into Will, and pulled slowly out again, to demonstrate what he meant. Will watched as his hole gaped slightly as the huge cock was withdrawn, only to be filled again. He could hardly breathe, and Hannibal was thoroughly enjoying watching him try.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a position that could be held comfortably for very long, and when it looked like Will was getting fatigued from straining his neck, Hannibal pulled him further down the bed, laying him flat again, but still keeping his ankles on his shoulders. This angle and Hannibal's ability to use the full weight of his body to fuck into Will enabled the deepest possible penetration.

Hannibal's face was obscured in darkness, from shadows cast by the firelight. His hair was loose and wild, so unlike how he commonly appeared. He was holding Will's legs close to his body, the side of his face resting against one of them. Looking down at Will's body, flushed red, sheened with sweat, he marveled at how receptive and *connected* the man was to him. He anticipated his desires, seemed to read his thoughts. Some of his thoughts, anyway; soon it would be time to let him know all of them. Events were falling into place that fit his design.

This thought was extraneous to the moment, however; so he grasped one of Will's hands that was holding tight onto the sheet, and placed it around his cock, and he understood he was to stroke the length of it fast. From behind clenched teeth, Will could only pant, "Fuck, harder, harder, FUCK!"

Will's body tensed, and a drawn-out, shuddering moan escaped from his lips, and he came yet again, spilling over his hand. Hannibal felt him tighten around his cock as he pounded into his ass. The sight of Will so lost in his punishing rhythm drove him over as well. He gasped at the intensity, eyes wide, and stifling his cries by humming them into the flesh of Will's leg at his mouth.

When it ended, Hannibal lowered himself to Will's side, the firelight dancing across his face now. His considerable stamina exhausted, he rested on Will's heaving chest.

After a number of minutes that neither of them could perceive as the passage of time, only of thought without temporality, Hannibal spoke: "We are going to have to move and get cleaned up at some point, Will."

The only response he received was a concerned "hmmm." Will felt too weak to respond, let alone think about taking a shower.

.....

The cops guarding the front entrance of the hotel had an uneventful night. Guests were verified to be either staying there, or known to those who were. This caused some friction between them, the cops, and the staff who were not accustomed to being made to ask such personal questions. They prided themselves on discretion. But the cops were just glad there were no vicious serial killers who attempted to get in, because that would have interrupted their amusement at how uncomfortable this added layer of security was making the staff.

Of course, the intrusion had already been made, not in the form of a raving psychopath, but the more impersonal invasion of cameras that transmitted wirelessly to Nolan Mather's vehicle, parked several blocks away.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, this is basically the most pornographic thing I have ever written. I hope it is as good in words as it was in my head!

Revelation

Chapter Summary

After their intense night together, Hannibal and Will go to the crime scene at the clinic before any of the rest of the team arrives.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Nolan was intimately familiar with the clinic; he'd worked there for a few months when it had first opened, decades ago, before settling in to his surgical career, which had ended with his declaration that he would not treat patients who led diseased lifestyles. No matter; he was engaged in his true life's work now. One thing he'd learned early on was that there was an old disused doorway that linked his building with the bus depot across the street. It was no more than a steam tunnel, but the entrances looked like disused coal rooms. No one would think to open them and find a passageway. This was left over from the Prohibition era, where the clinic building used to make illegal alcohol in the basement, and send it over, underground, to go off for distribution on buses.

He thought it fitting that a place that had once been used for immoral purposes be used now to rid the world of immorality.

He had the recordings of Lecter and Graham, and was determined to sit through them all the way. There were several monitors set up in his small area in the basement tunnel that had power. All the angles he recorded of their activities could be viewed simultaneously. He was prepared; he had both the Kali's tooth device and the chastity cage locked into his piercing.

There was about two hours of recording from the motion activated cameras; they had activated again for about twenty minutes and then stopped. He watched this last part first; it was them getting out of the shower and going to sleep, together. Unpleasant to him, but not important.

The earlier segment proved otherwise. This was what he was looking for; he watched as they entered the room, and crashed into one another like waves. He'd never seen anything like it. Nolan was accustomed to witnessing acts of depravity that were contained within other structures of meaning; the prostitute, who needed to eat; the sex addict who desperately tried and failed to meet an unfulfilled need; and on and on. But he wasn't used to two people coming together in pure lust, its meaning only contained in itself. There were no ulterior motivations – Lecter and Graham simply desired each other. He couldn't know what it meant to them. He'd never experienced it, and it made him even angrier than if he'd just been watching some blatant power exchange.

He felt that part of his physical body which he thought he had mastery over slip from his control. The teeth of the ring pressed into him painfully (as the device did not prevent erections, but just made them unpleasant) – and the chastity device became agonizing as it struggled to contain him. With shaking hands, he unlocked it, and took several deep breaths to calm himself in order take off the pointed, ringed device.

He placed on flat palm against his growing member; he couldn't look at it, as he pressed down upon it, not so much stroking as squeezing. It wasn't very much time before he ejaculated, disgust playing on his face.

He was certain he'd make these men pay for what they'd made him do. He switched off the displays; he'd seen enough.

.

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter leave the hotel relatively early, before they were originally scheduled to arrive. Will wants to get there before Jack and the other investigators. There was something that wasn't sitting right about the whole situation. He knew that they'd been lured out of their normal area of operations on purpose, but couldn't precisely understand why. This had become personal somehow, and the thought unnerved him immensely. The crime scene surely had to be the most secure place – no one could get in or out. The building was the most locked-down place in this small town.

When they got there, the police presence was probably greater than anything the town had ever experienced in this place where not much seemed to happen. The inconvenient crowd of onlookers had grown in size overnight, and they'd had to call in additional officers from the State Police. Although they were the first to arrive, they had the proper identification, and a Sergeant had seen them leave the day before.

Just as they gained access to the building, Will's phone rang; a phone call from Jack.

"Why is he calling now? I don't really want to talk to him," he sighed.

Hannibal inclined his head. "I will answer it and tell him you're currently unavailable."

Before Will could ask what Jack would say about why Hannibal was answering Will's phone, he'd already picked it up. Will shrugged, and went into the room where the body was found, the Sergeant shutting the door behind them.

Will closed his eyes, and let himself sink deeply into the reconstruction, deeper than he'd been able to when there had been so many distractions present. The other investigators, and Jack Crawford waiting there expectantly; his own reflection of the victim's feelings; what he had to work through with Hannibal. All those things were absent or resolved now.

Why did the Stealer want to get them so far from home?

The dramatic violence of the killing was meant to serve as a distraction for this, the real purpose. Somehow, it was now personal. Did the killer have something specifically against Will? Or Hannibal? Or even both of them? Will wondered if maybe...maybe he somehow

knew about them, their relationship. Of course he would disapprove of it, if he did know. People in positions of power, in law enforcement, trying to catch and outwit him. He would take it as the worst sort of insult if such people were engaged in sexual activities he would deem perverse. Could he have seen them together? Stalked them somehow? In fact, Will wasn't sure how this killer got information of the lives of really *any* of his victims. He could be doing it to Hannibal and him right now, and they wouldn't know it. The thought was unsettling enough that it shook him back to reality.

Hannibal was waiting outside the room, who had seen Will come back to focus again. He came inside, and said, "Will, Jack has informed me that they believe they know the identity of the killer. He's a former surgeon. He wasn't at his home."

Will swallowed hard, knowing that this meant his fears were probably founded. The killer was here, in this town, if not watching them right now.

"What did they find? Who is he?"

"Jack had his people checking for surgeons that had recently been disciplined for ethics violations. He found one – a man named Nolan Mather who up until recently ago was employed as a heart surgeon. He was living in a small and remote estate in Ellicott City. They learned that he breached non-discrimination codes based upon sexual orientation – he refused to treat patients he believed were homosexual. This gave them probable cause for a search warrant, and they found everything, Will. Multiple jars with preserved hearts, medical equipment, even a quantity of the old exam tables he used. And Will..."

Hannibal trailed off here, not wanting to tell him the next piece of information, because of what it might imply; he felt sure Will would be more horrified than necessary, but he had to tell him.

"What? What's worse than that?"

"There were tapes. Dozens of them. Surveillance videos taken surreptitiously of all his victims. And they found photographs of us at the crime scenes. He was apparently watching us and blending in with the crowds of reporters and onlookers."

Will stopped in his tracks, as this piece of information confirmed his worst fears. This man, this killer, was here, somewhere close.

Both Hannibal and Will stood looking at the place where the body had been found. She had been cut loose from the old metal table, but the table itself remained, stained with blood. Will stared at it, now all too consumed by the thought that he might be the next one to be tortured to death on such a table. He hardly had to empathize with the victims any longer if there was the very real possibility that this killer – this man whose name he now knew – was planning that at this very moment.

Sensing his thoughts, Hannibal put a hand on Will's shoulder.

"Will. This won't be your fate, any more than it will be mine. I am certain of this. If you cannot trust to fate, then trust to me. This is not what will become of you."

Will relaxed momentarily; but the feeling of relief was short-lived when he heard a door creaking open behind them. There were no cops in the building, and the outside door was in front of them, not to their backs.

“How very touching,” said an eerily calm, deep voice. “If I didn’t know you both better, I would say it was actually quite lovely.”

Nolan Mather stood behind them, snickering, as they heard steel clicking. Will had enough experience with firearms to know that what he was hearing was the sound of a silencer, probably homemade, being snapped into place on the barrel of a very powerful gun.

Hannibal and Will slowly raised their arms.

“Turn around,” said the determined voice behind them.

As they complied, Will was frantically surveying the scene around them to see if there was anything that could be done. There was the metal table between them and the killer; there was a rusty tray of instruments that had been used, and some that had not; there also must be a source of egress to the killer’s back somehow.

Soon they were face to face with Nolan. He was older than both of them by at least a decade and a half, but he certainly wasn’t frail. Shorter than either Will or Hannibal, he still made an impressive, muscular figure. There was no way to merely overpower him without both their efforts, even if he weren’t holding a semiautomatic rifle on them. He could easily shoot both of them in a spray of bullets, and the police stationed outside wouldn’t hear a thing with the silencer that was attached to the weapon. Nolan backed up and around to the outer door, and Will and Hannibal rounded the room, switching places with him. He wrapped a chain around the handles; it wouldn’t hold for long if anyone tried to break in, but long enough that he could kill them and vanish. He could leave as easily as he came in, and they would both be found dead when Jack Crawford finally arrived on the scene.

But he hadn’t killed them. There lie an advantage; he wanted something from them, or else they would already be dead. Will understood this man, and there was another advantage. He hated, seethed with disgust for his victims. It could be used to unbalance him, enrage him to the point where he would make a mistake, or at least to distract him.

“Why did you leave this here for us to find?” Will asked. He specifically didn’t say “her” or “the victim” - the dehumanization, however subtle, would put the killer’s mind just a little bit at ease.

“I wanted to get you out here, of course. Away from your center of comfort. Neither of you deserve your lives any more than that one did.” Nolan said this matter-of-factly, as if it was self-evident.

Hannibal spoke next, cautiously, measured: “You know about us.”

Rolling his eyes, as if he was speaking to dim children, Nolan said, “If I hadn’t been gathering reconnaissance on you and taping you, it would still be clear as day. You’re both obviously degenerates. You-” gesturing at Will - “are just as broken as the people you purport

to investigate, both killers and their pathetic victims, and you-” gesturing the gun at Hannibal - “you are really a piece of work! You pretend to such refinement, when your tastes are as base as any gutter whore. And the *other* kinds of things you like to do that your little friend here doesn't know about...my, my.”

Will heard Hannibal growl almost inaudibly, low in his chest. He wasn't sure that Nolan could hear it, but he surely could sense it, being possessed of great empathy himself. Will saw his grip tighten on the gun in response. But Will had no idea what this man was talking about. Clearly, Hannibal did.

Nolan continued: “I track these things before I dispatch them. Trail them, find out their habits. Then I get video evidence on them. Secretly, of course. You may be interested to know that I saw everything you did at the hotel last night. I have to say, I’ve been doing this for quite some time, and that was the most horrific display I’ve ever been unfortunate enough to see.”

Nolan shifted uncomfortably; although he was making a very good show of trying to be detached about what he had witnessed, Will could plainly see that he’d been deeply affected by it. He couldn’t look them in the eye at that moment. But he took a breath, and gathered himself, going back to talking about the other elements of what he’d been doing; things that did make him feel above them:

“I’ve also been trailing both of you at the crime scenes, and Dr. Lecter independently, since he goes out and about so much. Imagine my surprise when I saw him interacting with a certain shop owner. You know the one who ended up dead? A victim of the infamous Chesapeake Ripper? Oh, you're going to laugh. You know that I can feel and understand people, just as you do, *Mister* Graham. There was a minor confrontation between them that day, but I'd never felt such cool, intense anger radiating off of anyone like I did from your Dr. Lecter. When that man ended up dead, I made the connection. It was so obvious. A former surgeon, too...”

Hannibal’s being seemed to shift, as Will watched him; the veil was dropping.

Nolan continued, eager to deliver the coup de grâce, this revelation: “Mr. Graham, the good doctor here is the Chesapeake Ripper. Look at him and tell me you don't see it to be true.”

A stab of cold fear shot up Will’s spine. He couldn’t always tell when someone was lying or telling the truth, but some moments held concrete certainty in them, as if it had always, and would always happen; carved in temporal stone. This was one of those moments. Time seemed to slow as he looked at Hannibal, whose eyes burned that crimson they did when his walls could be spied over, even if just by an inch. He felt like he was falling through them, down to the deep places where the forests burned and the darkness, corporeal, lurked.

It was true. He knew it as much as he knew his own name. And what happened next, he saw as if floating above:

In one swift motion, faster than any person should have been able to move, Hannibal threw Will to the side, feinted to follow him, but dodged to his right instead. His hand found a

wheeled cart of medical instruments before Nolan could get off a shot; the cart caught him Nolan in the leg, scalpels and clamps flying; he shot, and the gun fell from his grasp.

But not before bullets sprayed from the gun, primarily hitting the wall. At least one tore through Hannibal's upper arm, and he recoiled back, just as he kicked the gun out of everyone's reach. He leapt upon Nolan with one uninjured arm outstretched; Hannibal was stronger than Nolan, but with an arm disabled, the fight was unevenly matched. Nolan landed several brutal kicks to his ribs, and Hannibal fell backwards, hitting his head against the hard floor with a sickening *crack*.

All the while, Will lay sprawled on the floor, unable to think. Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper. And his lover. And this man was trying to kill him. *Should he let him? Would it free him?*

No. The answer was no. Even if he was dead, Will would never be free of Hannibal Lecter. And if he was dead, much of what Will had become – had allowed himself to become – would die with him.

Will got to his feet. Hannibal had shaken off the fall quickly, and jumped up. Nolan and he were both landing blows, alternately finding each other's hands around their necks. Hannibal threw Nolan off of him and pitched him forward, just in time for Hannibal to grasp one of the sharp instruments on the floor and jab it into the back of his knee. Hannibal's arm was bleeding profusely, but he finally got the upper hand when he used the injured limb, with great agony evident, to bring the man back to his feet by one arm, and twist it around his back, turning him around to face Will. Hannibal's chest pressed up against the man's shoulder blades. He was holding his head back by the small amount of hair he had, exposing his throat.

Will saw himself, still out of his own body, bend down and pick up one of the scalpels on the floor. Nolan was twisting, writhing to get from Hannibal's grip, but he couldn't find purchase on the floor, one foot slipping in his and Hannibal's mingled blood. With one final heave upwards, Hannibal wrenched Nolan's head all the way back.

Will fell back into his body. Looking deeply into Hannibal's blazing eyes, he slowly, deliberately, drew the scalpel over Nolan's neck, over jugular and aorta. Blood sprayed Will's face as the man choked on the gore flowing down his own throat. Will never looked him in the eyes, as the light faded from them.

When he stopped moving, Hannibal flung the body to the side, like a meaningless doll. Will dropped the blade, and it clattered away.

Will stepped forward, eyes still locked on Hannibal's. He saw him now both as outer self, the man standing before him, injured, bloody; and also as the dark figure that had only previously existed only in his mind's eye. As if overlaid, they were now one and the same.

The smallest flash of uncertainty played upon Hannibal's features. But Will erased it when he took him by the back of the neck, and pulled in him for a deep and bloody kiss. When Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's back, he felt both warm hands, and sharp claws, sinking in to his heart. When Hannibal finally let him go, he felt the hands leave, but not so the claws.

They started and broke the kiss when they heard several loud thuds. The cops must have heard the commotion, if not the shots, and were now trying to break down the door.

Will searched Hannibal's eyes, as he searched Will's. Will finally broke the long silence, and whispered, "They'll be in here soon, and so will Jack, I'm sure. And you're hurt..." Will touched Hannibal's injured arm, and he winced, the first time he'd shown any indication he was in pain. Adrenaline was wearing off.

"He did not hit the artery. But I fear I may have a concussion."

Before any more could be said, the cops broke in finally, and, true to Will's prediction, Jack Crawford was right behind them. His eyes were wide at the scene, looking back and forth from Nolan, dead on the floor, to Will and Hannibal, covered in blood.

"Jack, get an ambulance."

"What happ-

Will cut him off: "I'll explain as soon as Hannibal is in an ambulance."

"Will," Hannibal said, "I am not unscathed, but I believe I will be fine."

"Fine," Jack acquiesced anyway, still confused, but at least able to understand the need for getting Dr. Lecter medical attention.

When they had a moment while the police made sure Nolan was deceased, Hannibal said quietly to Will, "They will find where he was hiding, and find the surveillance footage of us."

Will looked off into the distance. "I know. I'll...tell Jack about us. We'll follow you to the hospital."

Hannibal nodded. Although his blood loss wasn't life threatening, he was getting weak.

The ambulance arrived, and Will let them take Hannibal away. He had the strongest feeling of not wanting to be parted from him. He wanted to reassure him of...something. Everything was so difficult to put into thought, let alone words.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for being patient with this long overdue update. I take on too many things...! One chapter to go.

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

After Hannibal receives medical treatment for his injuries, he and Will face their newly combined fate.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will rode to the hospital with Jack, and had arguably the most uncomfortable conversation of his entire life.

He had to tell them about his and Hannibal's relationship. Will was certain the tapes of them together that had been made at the hotel the night before were being gathered at that very moment. They'd be processed and viewed almost immediately. He wanted to tell Jack what was on them before he read it in some report.

To his credit, Crawford took it much better than Will had hoped he would. It took a few attempts to get his point across. Terms like "relationship" didn't seem to make him understand, so Will had to use terms like "physical relationship," and finally "sexual relationship" to finally get it through to him. His main reaction was to say that Hannibal wouldn't be able to consult with Will in an official capacity anymore. That it would be unethical.

If he only knew how true that was.

.....

When they got to the hospital, Jack was able to get them in to see Hannibal right away. They all had a brief conversation about how he'd be fine eventually, that there was no permanent damage, but that he'd have to stay the night for observation due to the concussion. Jack thanked him for his invaluable assistance, and said the fact that he'd put his own life at great risk, albeit inadvertently, wouldn't be forgotten by the FBI. With that, he made some excuses about paperwork and talking to the local police so he could leave Will alone with Hannibal. Without having to address his newfound knowledge.

Will could hardly conceal his conflicted feelings. How he could continue working for the FBI

and still carry on their relationship? Ultimately, there really was only one solution.

Hannibal was the first to break the tense silence.

“I see that you did not inform Jack Crawford of all the details of what happened today.”

“Of course not. It’s something I’ll always have to hide. Not only for you, but for me. Even if I didn’t have this...thing...with you, there’s no way they wouldn’t suspect me of knowing all along.”

“You’re thinking very rationally about this.”

Will scoffed. “I’m not so sure about that. Most of my reasons are completely irrational.” He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes.

“Will, as you can see, I will recover. I will be likely be able to return home tomorrow, and we can talk in more leisurely and relaxed surroundings.”

“I don’t want to leave you.”

“You won’t get any rest here, and you’ve experienced a trauma today. Go home with Jack. I will be fine.”

Will nodded reluctantly. The sorts of things they needed to talk about wouldn’t be amenable to nurses coming in and out of the room. And sure enough, as if on cue, an aide came in to check Hannibal’s pupils. Will gave him one last glance as he departed, and Hannibal smiled reassuringly, but weakly.

.

After Will left, and they stopped taking his vital signs, Hannibal had time to reflect about how everything had fallen into place.

He had seen something moving in the bushes when he and Will were at the rest stop, so many weeks ago now, after the unfortunate prostitute had been killed. From then on, he’d been attuned to paying attention to all the people at the aftermath of the crime scenes. There were plenty of opportunities for someone to blend in with the throngs of onlookers and media, and go unobserved by the authorities.

Later, he’d noticed the same man starting at them at a couple of the crime scenes. While most of the people present were trying to see what the police were doing, or the actions of the

emergency personnel, or even to try and see their way into getting a sight of blood, there was one older man who seemed unusually fascinated - and disgusted - by two men not in any kind of uniform.

One night when he was at the food imports store, he'd recognized that curious face from the crowd. There was opportunity to be taken advantage of that night. When he'd killed the store owner (which he likely would have at some point in the future anyway, due to his rudeness - it saved him the need to put his business card into his Rolodex), Hannibal had deliberately gone out of his way to put the remains on display.

Normally, he wouldn't risk taking someone so close to when he had last interacted with them. In this case, the shop owner had (often quite unpleasant) dealings with dozens a people a day, so there was little chance of being connected to him specifically. Sometimes, Hannibal would leave the remnants of the bodies closer to where he took them, but in this case, as in some others, he took the body and put it out later in a different location. He had wanted to delay it being found just long enough to be properly spaced out in time, after the last victim. When press coverage would be dying down, and Nolan would be itching for more publicity and identification as a singular killer unto himself. He knew Nolan would be angry about the distraction, and about being taken for the Ripper. It would provoke him to do something that would show his hand.

He eased back into the uncomfortable hospital bed, contemplating how well everything had come together. The way he set up the confrontation was a risk as well; but he never felt apprehension about his own life. He reflected that this is most likely why it had all work so perfectly. Will had been revealed to himself; there were no words, no promises that could have sufficed in place of his deeds. It was the final test, and Will had passed, had acted without hesitation. Hannibal drifted off, thinking of all the beautiful possibilities that now lay before him.

.....

Despite having been given the opportunity to sleep in his own bed, Will went back and forth between racing thoughts and short, fitful dreams. He watched the clock waiting for Hannibal to call and tell him he was on his way home, to meet him there, to confirm that he hadn't died in his sleep at the hospital from some undetected subdural hematoma. This was ridiculous, of course, and was the reason he'd stayed at under medical observation in the first place. But Will couldn't help but think of the irony should something like that take place.

He dreamed in the spaces between restlessness, in disconnected images. Hannibal was there, always. Sometimes he was the self he presented to the world, and sometimes the shadowy, clawed figure that Will could see in his mind. Whichever one he saw, he was always burning without flame. And Will was at his mercy, either thrown against a wall in Hannibal's bedroom, or pressed up against a tree in the fiery forest where the figure appeared to dwell.

When the phone finally did ring, he nearly jumped out of bed; he'd drifted off after all, exhausted, but drenched in sweat from the strenuous dreams.

"Good morning, Will."

“Hannibal. Are you coming home? Are you all right?”

“Yes on both accounts. I’ll be home in a few hours. I’m eager to have a change of clothes and my own kitchen. I think you and I should meet later, to talk.”

“Yes. Of course.”

“I’ll call you when I get home. You can come out then. It will give me a chance to get myself taken care of, and some decent food ready for both of us.”

“Hannibal, I was...I don’t know. Worried.”

“I believe there is no longer any need for worry, Will.”

After the call was over, Will thought about the idea of eating with Hannibal in a new light. Before all of this started with the Stealer, he’d been working on updating his profile of the Chesapeake Ripper. Subconsciously, perhaps, he’d been pointed in that direction because of his growing connection to Hannibal. One of the things he’d come to believe is that the Ripper wasn’t merely taking surgical trophies, but, in fact, eating his victims. He would have to face this now, having been invited back to his lover’s table.

.

When they’d had a simple dinner of grilled vegetables and a rare roast, Will hadn’t taken his eyes off of Hannibal. He didn’t have to say a word; his consumption of the food set before him was all he had to say, more sincere than any words of acceptance. He knew what he was eating.

Afterwards, they sat together in the sitting room, sipping cognac in front of the fire, and discussed their differences.

“I’m not the same as you Hannibal. Not exactly anyway.”

“I know. You kill for much more overt reasons of retribution. To protect yourself and others that you wish to protect. But the moral certainty you feel is no less than mine.”

“You feel justified? Always?”

“I never doubt. You have learned not to doubt as well. I saw it in your eyes. And I believe that in time, you will find other paths to the same kind of certainty.”

Will looked into the fire, and knew this to be true. Their future together would peel back the layers of what he was.

“You were certain I wouldn’t tell Jack about you.”

“I was. Your source of certainty does not come from mutable and arbitrary external constructs such as law. It comes from within.”

“And you know I’ll help you. Help you keep hiding in plain sight. Direct investigations away from you. I’ll never let them catch you. As long as I’m alive.”

Hannibal paused just long enough to put meaning and weight to his words: “Then I have more reasons to keep you that way.”

Will understood the double meaning here. Hannibal would have killed him, had he not acted exactly the way he did in that old clinic. He hadn’t really thought about this up until now; but the fact that he had killed Nolan without thinking of proving his loyalty, was what really proved it to Hannibal. Nor had he killed the man to save his own life, but to protect Hannibal, and he had done it out of instinct. He began to wonder if it all hadn’t been set up to be precisely this sort of test. Of course, he was correct; but asking about it held its own dangers.

Instead, he put down his drink, and looked into Hannibal’s eyes, again reflecting the firelight. Will wouldn’t avoid eye contact with him ever again. He wanted to catch every glimpse of the things that only he could see.

He watched them as they became darkened with other thoughts. He stood and walked over to Will, implicitly prompting him to stand. Hannibal led him wordlessly up the stairs. Something had changed between them. Will knew there would be other times, nights where Hannibal would bind him on his hands and knees, and fuck him mercilessly, bringing him to the edge of release and denying it to him for hours; nights when Hannibal would inflict red stripes on his thighs with his belt; nights when Hannibal would use his throat until it was bruised from within, and tell him he was his own little cock-hungry slut. But tonight, he would be slow and sweet. Of course it was permissible to take their time, now. Everything that had happened in Will’s life had led to this moment; and everything that would happen, connected to it. It was a moment that had no beginning and no end, stretching in an unbroken line, forever.

Hannibal gently unbuttoned Will’s shirt, and kissed each inch of flesh as it was newly exposed. He unzipped his jeans, and slid them down, helping Will out of his shoes and socks, until he stood there only in his boxers. Will helped him out of his pullover cardigan, wincing sympathetically when he saw the constellation of bruises, big and small, that Nolan had inflicted on him. The upper part of his ribs were bound to stabilize them.

“You...must be in a lot of pain,” Will said. “We can’t...”

“I will be fine, Will, there’s still enough painkillers left in my system that any discomfort will be minimal, if I only stay upright.”

Will nodded, and helped him out of his trousers. He shivered as Hannibal’s hands caressed his back, sliding up and down. He was apprehensive about touching Hannibal back, so instead pulled him in to a kiss, hands on the back of his neck, where he knew he was uninjured. Somewhat forcefully, Hannibal turned him around, to face the edge of the bed. He sighed as Hannibal kissed his neck, and removed his remaining piece of clothing. Massaging the muscles of his ass, Hannibal pushed him forward, and Will understood that he was to kneel on the edge, shoulders down. He concentrated on his breathing as Hannibal probed into him, opening him with large fingers, one then another, and another, lubricant slickening his

entrance. He always had to tell himself to consciously relax. Fingers removed; replaced quickly with the thick head of Hannibal's hardness pressing bluntly into him. Gasping at the burn, permitting the stretch; welcoming, allowing himself to be taken, owned.

When Hannibal was fully buried in his hot, tight embrace, Will straightened up, and Hannibal held onto him with both hands for stability, to lessen the pain in his ribcage. Fucking him slowly, all the way out, all the way in. Increasing the intensity and force of his thrusts imperceptibly.

Breath hot on his neck; Hannibal whispered words of possession, in English, in Lithuanian, in French. Wrapping both hands tightly around Will's chest; and Will no longer perceived the difference between the real hands and the metaphorical claws of the dark beast. They took him down, into the depths of what he now realized was himself, and had been all along. The obscured places weren't of Hannibal, they were of himself. His fall into that burning darkness had no end, as it had no space, no depth.

Hannibal was fucking into him harder now, with intent; he took Will's hand and put it to his untouched but surging cock; he groaned with relief, as Hannibal held him, and he stroked himself in time with the increasing rhythm. He could feel what Hannibal felt, and could time his orgasm with his, a benefit of his empathy. He reached back and pressed Hannibal's mouth more forcefully to his neck, who bit hard without breaking skin, as he came deep inside Will's ass with one last powerful thrust, as Will spilled hot over his own hand.

.....

Later that night, after Will's breathing had evened out, and he'd succumbed to sleep, Hannibal watched him. He wondered if Will knew how much more he himself was capable of. He brushed Will's hair off of his forehead, and thought of the ways he could shape their newly shared destiny.

Chapter End Notes

I can't begin to thank you for sticking with this long, long, slow story. I might even be crazy enough to do another one...

End Notes

This is a continuation of the two other series I have written, but you likely don't have to have read them to understand what's going on. Essentially, everything is an AU that diverges from the time of "Sorbet" or "Fromage" - Hannibal decides not to frame Will, but instead to make him very dependent upon him through sexual manipulation. And by this part of the storyline (in my head anyway) he's succeeded. Will's still working for Jack Crawford, and this is a longer chapter-based story about a case that Will and Hannibal wind up investigating together. But of course, Will is still very unstable, and this time, he gets into the heads of the victims as well as the killers.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!